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LIKE SPEECH

Live music, P.18 | Events, P.14 | Movies, P.12
Issue 12, Vol. 1 • May 23, 2013

WEEKLY
EVERY THURSDAY

F5

*work like a farmer
party like a rock star*

>Fear the sky

In Kansas, one fosters respect (and occasional white-knuckled fear) of Mother Nature. *p.2*

>The price of beer

Fear not, the throngs of carefully unwashed hipsters are not to blame for rising prices. *p.8*

>Terror Trek

Star Trek Into Darkness is an action-packed but smart sci-fi look at our post-9/11 reality. *p.10*

>The good Mr. Hyde

A.A. Hyde replaced his lost real estate fortunes when he invented Mentholatum. *p.5*

>Hunger strike for bread

Elizabeth Stephenson eats only Wonder Bread when fighting on the combat field. *p.15*

STAFF

Editor
Mike Marlett • editor@f5paper.com
Assistant to the editor
Cassie Lehnerr • cassie@f5paper.com
Copy editor
Elizabeth Barrett • liz@f5paper.com

CONTRIBUTORS

Torin Andersen	Jason Quinn Malott
Jedd Beaudoin	Lauren Messamore
Ze Bernardinello	Dustin Parker
Jeremy Biltz	Mike Pivonka
Mike Briley	Brad Rudder
Michael Carmody	Elizabeth Stevenson
Kate Clause	Eleonore Verfaillie
Johnna Crawford	Bucky Walters
Emon Gaines	Jeremy Webster
Lindsey Herkommerr	Don Winsor
Bill Jenkins	Aaron Wirtz
Baab Kelsie	

LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

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ABOUT THE COVER



PHOTO BY MIKE MARLETT

HAIL DAMAGE: Spring thunderstorms rolled through Wichita on Sunday, May 19, punching more than a little ice through things.



BY MIKE PIVONKA

Tornadoes bring fear, respect

by Don Winsor
dwinsor@f5paper.com

When I was a child, here in Kansas, my three biggest fears were based mostly on things I'd seen on the "news" or at least on TV. Thanks to an in depth piece of sensationalist garbage by Geraldo Rivera, I was afraid of murderous Satanic cults. Thanks to having seen the first airing of *The Day After* (and growing up in the Reagan-era cold war near two first strike targets) I was afraid of nuclear war. Finally, and most realistically, thanks to a horribly sadistic weatherman on a local TV station and the simple reality of living in God's bowling alley I was afraid of tornadoes.



DON WINSOR

The threat of nuclear annihilation has diminished and the overhyped danger of those devil worshipping child murderers was long ago debunked, but tornadoes are real. I embraced

that fear and eventually was able as a teenager to ride with my Dad to "stormchase" and spot tornadoes for the local volunteer fire department.

I haven't seen a Kansas thunderstorm since the 1990s, but today I think I'll have a refresher course.

I wrote the previous two paragraphs just after the sirens went off for the first time today, when there didn't seem to be any imminent threat. As I finished writing them, the sirens went off again, the sky was turning a strange green, and there was a report of a tornado on the ground near the airport. Since I don't have a basement and the storm was reportedly about 15 minutes away, I called some friends to make sure I could hunker down with them. They were

out of town, but they told me the secret of their hidden key and their alarm code. Then I thought of people I'm currently working with at the Crown Uptown whom I know have never been

>GET HEARD

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Email
letters@f5paper.com

Mail
F5 Paper
PO Box 49406
Wichita, KS 67201

see "Tornadoes" page 16



COURTESY PHOTO

CJ Boyd's never-ending tour paused briefly at Kirby's.

Space bass jam

by Jedd Beaudoin
jbeaudoin@f5paper.com

Solo bassist CJ Boyd stopped in at Kirby's on Sunday evening as part of his never-ending tour.

Whereas Bob Dylan has been selling his roadwork under that same guise for a while now, we all know that Zimmerman gets off the bus every now and again. Boyd, on the other hand? Doubt it.

Rumor is the dude basically lives on the road, driving in a van fueled by vegetable oil, and that he's been pounding the pavement that way since 2008.

You could probably label Boyd's music experimental — not unlike his automobile — but that often calls to mind men who play straight razors with violin bows while a Lithuanian soprano wails about industrial pollution and the third episode of *Full House*.

Boyd's experimental in the sense that he's chosen a route few others have — the aforementioned solo bass. He uses effects to achieve some of his sounds but keeps them to

a minimum such that they serve as compositional enhancement.

One hopes that most musicians working in this fashion do that but Boyd really succeeds in this endeavor.

His melodies are haunting, ethereal, boundless, and his playing all of that and more.

There are doses of classical influences, funk, jazz, space rock, pop, heavy rock and more but none so overwhelming as to fully define the man or his music.

Boyd played for something like 45 minutes — maybe more, maybe less, it doesn't really matter — without stopping, weaving each of the pieces he played one into the other.

Or maybe they were all one. Who knows? Doesn't really matter.

What does matter is that he's clearly a master of his instrument and comfortably walks the unusual road he's chosen.

Opening the show was The Wonder Revolution, led by guitarist David Lord.

This lean but muscular quintet version of the band brought out the inner rock beast of Lord's jazz-inflected compositions.

With second guitarist Ben Snook sharing guitar duties with Lord and The Travel Guide's Thayne Coleman in the drummer's throne the band was destined to be good but its sheer power was more than a small revelation.

Coleman, a gifted guitarist, propels the band in a Who-ish direction, beating and bashing his way through the tunes and peppering them with more primitive oomph than you would think.

Fronted by Sam Hake — whose vocals got drowned out a bit on Sunday evening — and rounded out by bassist Benjamin Hunt this version of The Wonder Revolution will take to the Kirby's stage again on Thursday, May 23 for a gig with Japanese Game Show and The Travel Guide.

Closing out the night on Sunday was Joom, brought to us by husband (Torin) and wife (Georgia) Andersen.

The pair's experimental guitar/keyboards compositions are endearing and challenging and if the set was maybe a little short — or so it seemed — the amount of musical information conveyed in that short space of time more than made up for it.

Coffee,
Wine,
Spirits,
Beers

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Music::



★★★★★

Rude Remarks and Dirty Jokes

Carsie Blanton

Independent Release, 2013

by Jedd Beaudoin
jbeaudoin@f5paper.com

Based in New Orleans, Philadelphia native Carsie Blanton follows last year's wonderful *Idiot Heart* with a three-song quickie that offers more of her rapiers wit and memorable melodies. This EP takes its title from the kiss-off that is opener "Under Your Thumb," wherein she lists the things her former paramour

didn't like with deliciously sweet bite. "Trigger Finger" serves as perhaps her most Beatles-inflected song and one that would be a radio hit if there were still such things available to honest-to-goodness singer-songwriters with something to say beyond "Ooh baby baby." "Backbone" (also found on the Oliver Wood-produced *Idiot Heart*) covers a wide musical terrain, pop and jazz and a little bit of who-knows-what. Worthy of repeated listens and should maybe, just maybe, be compulsory listening.



★★★★★

Pale Green Ghosts

John Grant

Partisan, 2013

by Jedd Beaudoin
jbeaudoin@f5paper.com

Coming three years after his brilliant solo debut *Queen of Denmark*, John Grant's latest opus offers more of the same wry humor, keen insights and heartbreaking truth. Much has changed since that album won him remarkable critical acclaim: Instead of returning to Texas to record with the band Midlake — the members coaxed him into making *Queen* when he contemplated leaving the industry — he worked from his new home in Reykjavik, Iceland; whereas his previous outing sounded very much like a singer-songwriter record from the 1970s, PGG often relies on electronics and more overtly contemporary sounds. And in 2012 Grant announced that he's HIV positive.

This last informs "Ernest Borgnine," not only one of the album's best cuts but a track that serves as a kind of follow-up to *Queen's* wonderful "Sigourney Weaver." He finds time to revisit his youth in Colorado (the title cut) and delivers more of the self-effacing humor that has become his trademark. Witness "GMF" (that stands for greatest mother fucker), a

perfect pop song with lyrics that inspire both sidesplitting laughter and maybe more than a few empathetic tears. The heartbreaking "It Doesn't Matter To Him" offers its share of dark and wonderful humor and if the listener can't identify time to check to see if you have a heart.

Grant isn't alone on this album — his help comes in the form of Biggi Veira (Gus Gus), Sinéad O'Connor (he refers to her as Mrs. John Grant in the liner notes) and many of his Icelandic neighbors — but he is the star, flaws and all, a perfectly human being who celebrates the neurotic in us all.



★★★★★

Buffalo Gooding

S3, 2013

by Jedd Beaudoin
jbeaudoin@f5paper.com

Based in Los Angeles for the last little while, Gooding — the man and the band — continues an evolutionary course with *Buffalo*. The focus has always long been on well-crafted pop songs but the 11 tunes here may be some of the leanest the trio has committed to digital media. Gooding's guitar stings like a bee in your urethra — it's a persistent and pugilistic character across the opening "Crash" and the subsequent "Hey Hey" and on later material such as "Ironsides" and "100 Miles From Nowhere."

On the latter drummer Jesse Rich delivers one of his most intense performances to date — impressive but not showy it's a perfect display of the trio's engine room. Rich and bassist Billy Driver, always strong, sound better than ever, finding the just-right touches for "Stop" and "Time To Say Goodbye." Gooding's interest in Prince-style soul continues via the razor sharp ass-shaker "Still Want You" and the cobra snake for a necktie feel of "Send You Packing."

There's plenty of fodder for radio — well, radio in an ideal world — with "Stop," "Dark Horses" (some nifty acoustic work there) and "Mountain," but radio or not this band thrives in the live arena and the lean sounds throughout are tailored for the stage. A fine record and one that makes the listener want to stick around and see where this band will grow next.

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A.A. Hyde built and lost real estate fortunes in Wichita, but rebuilt his fortunes with an exotic topical balm.



MICHAEL CARMODY



THE SECOND HOME OF MENTHOLATUM: The 1909 Mentholatum Building is seen here in 1928 surrounded by trees and streetcar cables. The building today houses The Spice Merchant. Mentholatum left Wichita shortly after A.A. Hyde died in 1935.

SOURCE: WICHITA/SEDGWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL MUSEUM

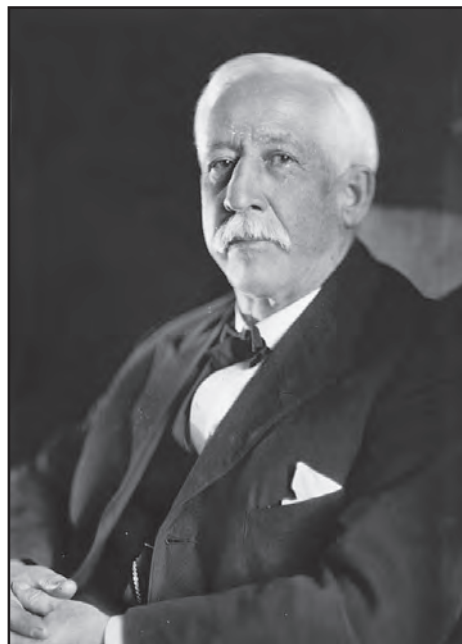
Mentholatum Man

by Michael Carmody
mccarmody@f5paper.com

In the wake of the Industrial Revolution, America became a world-class petri dish for innovation. Visionary inventors abounded, dreaming up and bringing to life fabulous new gadgets and processes that transformed the day-to-day existence of millions; simultaneously sprang up untold legions of snake oil merchants, quick to prey on the unwitting in endless variations on the old get-rich-quick scheme. At both ends of the spectrum and everywhere in between, the watchwords were, as they seem to remain today, “new” and “improved.”

Wichita is no stranger to the spirit of ingenuity, and one of its earliest mediums was certainly Mr. Albert Alexander (A.A.) Hyde. Born in Lee, Massachusetts in 1848, Hyde moved as a young man to Leavenworth, then later to Wichita, where he served as founding cashier of the Wichita Savings Bank.

The young man had big dreams, and Wichita was a place where it seemed anything was possible. Hyde bought up and developed tracts of cheap land on what were then the edges of the city (all in what is now considered downtown) including “Hyde’s Addition,” which lies on the south side of Douglas between Washington and Hydraulic. His timing was prescient, coming at the beginning of Wichita’s real estate boom. When the money started pouring in (and it did), he branched out.



SOURCE: WICHITA/SEDGWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL MUSEUM
PORTRAIT OF BUSINESSMAN-PHILANTHROPIST: A.A. Hyde made a fortune in real estate, then lost it and started all over as the inventor of Mentholatum.

He bought the Harding and Fisher bookstore and hired a gentleman named Ike Humble to run it. Hyde and Humble not only sold all manner of books, stationery

and gifts, but also contracted the finest photographers and European lithographers to create souvenir postcard books depicting scenes of our beautiful young city.

Hyde built a home at Second and Topeka (where the Shirkmere stands today), then added a second story to it to help accommodate his growing family; as his land speculations paid off in increasingly spectacular fashion, he hired famed architects Proudfoot & Bird (see April 11 edition of F5) to design for him a veritable castle, which he christened “Hillcrest,” near the corner of Second and Roosevelt in the new suburb of College Hill.

In addition to his business dealings, Hyde was renowned for his civic involvement and charitable undertakings. It was A.A. Hyde who donated the first public park (Hyde Park) to the city. He was among the group who founded the historic Maple Grove Cemetery and a chief backer of the fantastic Proudfoot & Bird building being constructed for the YMCA at First and Topeka (now the Scottish Rite Temple). If there was a need among the citizenry of his adopted hometown, Hyde felt compelled to address it, giving freely and cheerfully of his time and wealth.

And then the real estate bubble burst. Many of Hyde’s holdings were mortgaged to the hilt and overnight their value plummeted, leaving him suddenly in massive debt. Unwilling to let his commitments go

see “Wichitarchaeology” page 6

GOOD PLACE FOR A DRINK: The original home of Mentholatum, the Yucca Company factory at 1213 E. Douglas, is shown here during the 1904 flood that submerged all of Wichita under several feet of water. The company moved local production to its new building across the street in 1909.



SOURCE: WICHITA/SEDGWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL MUSEUM

"Wichitarchaeology" from page 5

unmet, he borrowed against his house to pay the dues he had promised to the YMCA. A banker friend bought out his mortgage as a kindness as Hyde struggled to feed his seven children.

A.A. Hyde, however, was not a man who could be easily kept down. In the spirit of the day, he took to concocting soaps, salves and tinctures on the kitchen stovetop, hoping to come up with a product that he could sell in sufficient quantities to pull himself out of debt. He began experimenting with using yucca root, based on old Mexican Indian recipes for shampoo, and before long found success with a soap made from the stuff. In 1889 Hyde, along with two backers, moved operations into the building at 1213 E. Douglas and went into business as The Yucca Company. (The building, by the way, still stands today, next door to the west of Lucky's Everyday.)

For five years the Yucca Company produced all manner of toiletries, mild patent medicines, machine oils and sundry other household necessities. Hyde by this time had grown fascinated with the aromatic compounds camphor and menthol; the latter at the time was an expensive and exotic substance only available by import from Japan. He produced a cough syrup called Vest Pocket Cough Specific using these ingredients, but sought more diverse applications for them. After much experimentation, he changed course and formulated a recipe combining the two with petroleum jelly, producing a topical balm. Mentholatum was born.

The new product took off like wildfire, and the Yucca Company dedicated more and more of its resources to its production, dropping slower-selling items from their catalog one by one until only Mentholatum remained. In order to increase volume and lower costs, Hyde moved the headquarters of the operation to Buffalo, New York, and in 1909 moved the Wichita plant into a

brand-new building at 1302 E. Douglas, catty-corner from the original facility. The new factory was the first structure in Wichita to be built of steel-reinforced poured concrete, and still stands today, where it serves as home to The Spice Merchant.

Humbled by his earlier losses, Hyde took to heart the ideal of Christian charity and vowed to keep no more wealth than he needed to live. For the rest of his life, he gave away the vast majority of his fortune to a plethora of charitable causes and lived well but without ostentation. He passed away in 1935, having spent 49 years at Hillcrest, leaving behind few possessions and little money, but an unmatched legacy of philanthropy in this community. The Mentholatum Company left Wichita shortly after his death, but remained in family hands many years thereafter.

Today Mentholatum is sold in over 130 countries around the world, and is found in practically every household in Japan and many other parts of Asia.

BONUS FACTOIDS

The streets in Hyde Addition were named by A.A. Hyde after family and friends. Ida Street was named for his wife; Laura for his wife's sister-in-law,

Laura Todd of Chicago; Pattie for Ida's half-sister Pattie Strong of Los Angeles; Lulu for cousin Lulu McCabe; Ellis for Noah Ellis, the farmer from whom Hyde bought the land; and Fannie for family friend Fannie Hathway of Denver. After Hyde's death, the name of Fannie Street was changed to Greenwood by city authorities, who found the original name embarrassing.



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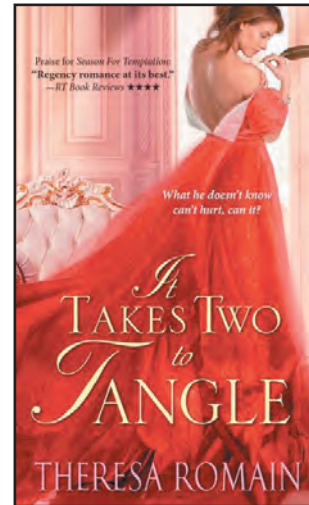
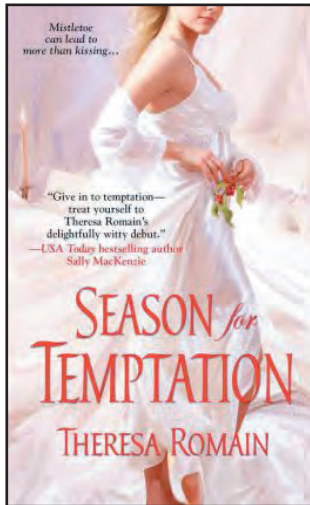


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Romance novels by any other name

by Jason Quinn Malott
jmalott@f5paper.com

A couple of years ago, I was moaning about there not being a literary scene in Wichita, and my girlfriend told me I should get in touch with a friend of hers from high school, Theresa St. Romain. When I asked what Theresa wrote, Rebekah hemmed around it and finally admitted that Theresa had written a serious biography about a silent movie actress ... and a romance novel.

I have to admit that my imagination immediately shot back to the time when romance novel cover-boy, Fabio,

got smacked in the face by a seagull while riding a rollercoaster. Aside from some tawdry bodice-rippers my mother once purchased (to get the “free gift” set of cheese knives), and that I skimmed through looking for the worst parts to read aloud in my best movie preview voice-over tone, all I knew about romance novels were a few bad euphemisms for certain body parts and a hammy Italian male model who lost a fight with a water fowl.

Writing about books for F5 finally gave me the cover I needed to get in touch with Theresa. We sat down to chat at the Donut Whole and spent about an hour rambling through her

past and talking about everything from what makes a good romance to the minutia of book contracts, and why she goes by a not-so-thinly disguised pen name.

“My sister and I used to joke that our names sounded like romance writer names,” she said, but when it came time to publish her first novel, *Season for Temptation* she made a decision to drop the “Saint” from her writing name. “When you live with a name like this, you learn that nobody knows how to alphabetize it, and nobody knows how to spell it. Sa or St? Where does it go on



Romain

see “Romain” page 19

Jenna Blum discusses her influences

Jenna Blum is the author of the novels *The Stormchasers* and *Those Who Save Us* and is also one of Oprah's Top Thirty Women Writers.



by Jason Quinn Malott
jmalott@f5paper.com

Jenna Blum is the author of *Those Who Save Us* (a *New York Times* Best Seller) and the critically acclaimed novel *The Stormchasers*. A long-time instructor and member of the literary council at Grub Street (grubstreet.org) in Boston, Jenna currently lives right here in Doo-Dah.

F5: When did you begin writing?

JB: When I was 4. My dad was a news writer for CBS, ABC and NBC, and my earliest memories have a soundtrack of his typewriter.

F5: Who are the writers who influenced you the most, but whom you only know through their books?

JB: In this day of social media, I'm lucky enough to be able to connect with many writers I've until now only been able to admire slavishly from afar, but one writer who has been an enormous influence on me and whom I can still watch only through the spyglass is Stephen King.

The Stand is one of my top three favorite books of all time, and I love his early novels and short stories. I believe it's Stephen King who taught me the importance of story. It's nice to be able to put words together in a pretty way and all, but if you ain't got story, you ain't got nothin.

Also: Larry McMurtry. I glimpsed him at the 2012 Tucson Book Festival along with 1,000 of his other devoted fans. *Lonesome Dove* is another of my top three favorite books.

F5: Who are your most important writing teachers, mentors or champions who helped along the way to your first book?

JB: My parents have always been my champions — they always respected and upheld my lifelong desire to be a writer; they never asked, “When are you going to get a real job?” My dad, although he wrote nonfiction, modeled for me that it was possible to make a living as a writer, doing something challenging

see “Blum” page 16

Books
Profile:
Theresa
Romain

Name
Drop
with
Jenna
Blum.

Don't shoot the hipster

by Will Darrah
wdarrah@f5paper.com

It is, in fact, no small feat to mass produce a quality beverage and obtain constant results all the while keeping it smartly priced. I recently read an article published by Arianna Huffington's notoriously poorly edited news source suggesting that hipsters were driving up costs of "Cheap Beer": Hipsters' PBR Obsession Driving Up Prices Of Cheap Beer: Study, No Author.

In the name of full disclosure I am a Hipster. In fact I have been a Hipster so long that I have had time to have distinct and separate phases of punk, grunge, beat, abo and hick. I was a Hipster back when they were simply referred to as Douche Bags.

To be a hipster is a bit of a paradoxical problem — or, to correctly use the term, a catch 22. I love to be independent, but by acting independent I am correctly grouped with independents. This is the inconsistency that haunts the hip. Forever trying to be individual, but ending up grouped and taking comfort with those trying to be individual. It is also why one of the prerequisites to being a hipster is to hate on hipsters.

This paradox is also what makes the aforementioned article a fine example of hipster writing. It faults others for acting in the same fashion as the author wishes to act.

It further more goes out of the way to say that "they" are the hipsters, the author is just an independent.



**WILL
DARRAH**



"BULLET DRINK" BY NEBARNIX

Most annoyingly the whole thing is all wet. Another annoying hip attribute is to claim far more influence than one actually has by assuming that you did it before it was cool and now everyone is just copying you.

Hipsters have little-to-nothing to do with the increase in the price of sub-premium beers.

Firstly, in the beer biz, hipsters do not love sub-premium beers.

On the contrary they love "Legacy Brands." Brands that were cool but no longer are cool, that they can "bring back."

This has been well documented by InBev and Coors, and they are doing everything short of being caught in direct marketing to

see that it is one of their legacy brands that is a hipster's favorite.

It's a tricky feat when any direct-marketing campaign would immediately alienate the consumer of the marketing. Look around for single channel marketing such as visual aids or sponsorships from these brands. Such a feat of quiet marketing involves very few television ads but if you want a Pabst Blue Ribbon tattoo, I suggest you call corporate headquarters because you can get it on their dime.

Knowing that all sub-premium beers are not legacy brands begs the question of

see "Beer" page 9

Quest for home-brewed coffee leads home

by Don Winsor
dwinsor@f5paper.com

Experimenting with a ridiculous number of different ways to make coffee at home for the last several months, my main difficulty has been whether I want really good coffee or enough coffee. Quantity versus quality.

I have these small, silver pour-over filters from Vietnam that make amazing coffee when it's prepared in their traditional way, but they don't make a lot and what they do make is something you have to be in just the right mood for.

For many months, I was addicted to and only used my AeroPress, which as I have mentioned before is the easiest and most consistent way to make a decent cup of coffee. Trouble is, that is all it makes — a cup of coffee. It's really only good for one cup at a time and then you've got to go through the entire process again.

I thought I could solve that by adding a French Press to

the equation, for those leisurely mornings when I want to read and sip coffee for hours. I got an excellent thermal press from The Roasterie, and it made a little bit more coffee that was just a bit less consistent and perfect than the AeroPress. It was good, but it only made 20 ounces, and sometimes that's just not enough.

I've tried the ChemEx, but that's far too much like chemistry and the results are neither consistent nor jaw-dropping in quality. Of course I've had a Keurig and a Tassimo, and they provide ready access to a quick coffee fix, but again you're sacrificing quality. If you have one, you will probably argue that just like I did when I was first infatuated with mine, but search your feelings... you know it to be true.

I tried an old glass stovetop percolator pot my parents bought in what I'm guessing was the late 1960s. It looks cool when it's on the boil, but it requires a lot of attention and cleanup and while it made a lot of whatever it



**DON
WINSOR**

see "Coffee" page 9

The rising price of beer doesn't have much to do with hipsters or big brewers.

And he had the power to go home all along.

"Beer" from page 8

what is causing this price increase. Sadly for the avid reader of the Huffington Post there is no conspiracy theory to trump up here. There is no mystery, and it ain't the man holding the hip down.

Really, have you been to the grocery store or gas station recently? I have. For fear of sounding like my grandfather, I used to buy a loaf of bread for 80 cents and regularly filled my tank for under a dollar a gallon. The U.S. Department of Agriculture reports that bulk hops prices that ranged near the \$1.60 per pound range in the mid 1990s spiked in 2008 to \$4.05 per pound. At the peak of this spike we experienced crop failures in two major producing regions simultaneously. There were drought conditions in the Pacific Northwest and the crop that was supposed to fill in the void was drowned by flooding in European producing regions. Hop prices have retreated somewhat, but prices are nowhere near historic levels.

Barley — or in the case of cheap beer, rice — has also experienced unprecedented increases in raw material prices. Most row crops have experienced similar price increases as hops have. This is partly due to the unpredictable weather conditions we experience due to global warming. Crop prices were also artificially low for a long time, but stability would be welcome. Then there was that infamous rice panic of 2008 that I'm sure caused a lot of back-room calculations at Anheuser-Busch as to if they should go back to an all-barley malt.

Do not forget that the malt doesn't boil itself. There are big time fuel bills involved in the manufacturing of beer. The grains have to be roasted. After roasting the proteins need to be broken down with the mashing of the grain. Then the whole mess needs to be boiled. A lot. Finally it all needs to be crash cooled and in the case of lager, as most sub-premiums are, it needs to be stored a cool temperature for months prior to serving. Again fuel prices are rising. In this case we have not even begin to see the damage. Thanks to fracing, natural gas prices have been held in check. They are above historic levels, but they are not what they could be.

Now for the claim that these price increase have disproportionately hit the sub-premium brands. This is most likely due to math. Adding \$0.50 to the cost of a \$1 beer represent a intolerable 50 percent increase to the cost of the beverage. Adding \$0.50 to the cost of a \$5 beer is to have only added 10 percent to its cost.

Now if you really hate the man and need someone to blame, you can blame the Federal Reserves response to the balance of accounts with China for creating an asset bubble, but then again no one was complaining about the free television. But just leave the hipsters out off it. As we all know they really don't have any influence. In the mean time enjoy the beer while you can still afford to. Prost!

"Coffee" from page 8

made it certainly wasn't coffee.

My Ariete espresso machine is beautiful and stainless steel with all manner of levers and dials, but first thing in the morning it requires too much attention and again doesn't produce enough coffee to pull me out of more difficult mornings.

One morning I woke after a long night out and decided that there was no container in the house with enough volume to contain or produce the amount of coffee I needed to get me through the day. I wrote an email to CERN about the possibility of some experimental new device, but then I remembered that some years ago I had received a free drip machine from Gevalia. It was stored somewhere in a cabinet. With uncharacteristic morning ambition, I dug it out, cleaned it, set it up, and eventually made a full pot of coffee. Within an hour, I'd finished half the pot and was fully sated.

I was a bit ashamed. I know how to make excellent coffee, and have used most devices that exist to try to achieve this, but I was satisfied with what wasn't very different from a \$20 Mr. Coffee machine. Of course there are differences technically and I could bore you with details about water dispersal, filter shape, and temperature, but it's basically the same. It's a thing that puts water over

ground coffee and makes it brown and hot. Could it be true? Would I be satisfied with just anything? Have I lost the ability to care about good coffee? I am reaching... but I fall...

Then I visited my parents and had some coffee from their old Bunn machine. It was awful. Tasted like it had been strained through a sock.

Then I noticed that they were using a bulk canister of store-brand, freeze dried coffee. I'm sure their machine would turn out reasonably OK coffee if they used good beans and ground them fresh, but if you use bad coffee it doesn't matter much what machine you use.

Obvious, perhaps, but at least I no longer felt disappointed in myself for my return to uninteresting pedestrian brewing methods. There is a time for a well-crafted demitasse of extraordinary artisan extraction, but there is also a time for giant cups of unremarkable simple wakeup juice. Even if it is strained through an old sock.

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[good times, good friends]

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PHOTOS BY ELEONORE VERFAILLIE



PHOTO BY MIKE BRILEY

PINKIES UP: Wine drinking movie watchers learn about the sommelier lifestyle on Botanica's terrace on Wednesday, May 15.

Tallgrass wins with wine at its *Somm* screening

by Eleonore Verfaillie
everfaillie@f5paper.com

The stubbornly independent Tallgrass Film Association organized a special screening of *Somm* on Wednesday, May 15. Well, let me tell you, these people know as much about good life as about cinema. Along with its partners for the evening, Tallgrass transported the audience to California and Italy for a delightful night.

The event was hosted al fresco on the patio of Botanica. The white screen, provided by LivingSound Home, was set between two trees, and the guests were seated on bistro chairs. Despite some rain forecasted for the evening, the weather kept clear and warm. Ladies in strapless dresses and golden sandals chatted with their pastel-polo-clad partners while birds tweeted along. Some fancy hors d'oeuvres were served from Chapada Chophouse, including mini pulled pork tacos and shrimp with salsa.

The team from Jacob Liquor offered a little wine tasting experience before the movie. Each guest was provided with a glass at the entrance and poured two red wines and two white wines to try. All bottle tags were carefully masked. A little card with the main notes of each grape variety was supposed to help define which was which. After Jamie Stratton and Whitney Post explained the process and revealed the answers, it appeared no guest had picked all four wines correctly, and very few picked three.

The sun set on the perfectly trimmed lawns of Botanica and the movie began. *Somm* is a documentary about four young men attempting to pass the Master Sommelier Exam, which is the highest level distinction for wine professionals.

One of the tests — probably the hardest — is a wine blind tasting. In a few minutes, students must observe the wine color, texture, scent and taste to determine from which grape varieties it is made, as well as when, where and by whom it was produced.

As the story unfolds, the characters bond, confront challenges and evolve



PHOTO BY MIKE BRILEY

into manhood. Director Jason Wise tells a tale of initiation with his very unique wine perspective.

If the movie felt somewhat romanticized for a documentary, it did manage to bring spectators into the very secret and elite world of wine. The characters each had their own appeal, from the anxious nerd obsessed with maps to the fancy-suit fan.

It was really enjoyable to learn along with these wine geniuses, witnessing them debate about the acidity, the tannins, the oak here and the plum there. Can wine taste like decayed roses or a brand new rubber hose? Anyone would feel less of a wine-dummy after this evening, as well as a little more curious about what is in his glass.

The *Somm* screening was the Kansas premiere, and the movie will be released in theaters at the end of June. The next Tallgrass Film Association events are Smallgrass — family friendly screenings at Exploration Place during the Riverfest — and Tunes+Tallgrass on the Terrace — a surf culture concert and movie (1966's *The Endless Summer*) at the Wichita Art Museum on June 14.

Asian twist turns leftovers into fresh finger food

by Eleonore Verfaillie
everfaillie@f5paper.com

Wrapping anything into a tortilla has become a common habit here in the Midwest. There is a lighter, healthier version of this wrapping reflex: rice paper rolls. With a strong Vietnamese community here in Wichita you can find the ingredients easily.

Traditional spring rolls are made with cooked rice and shrimp — and sometimes with pork or chicken. A good dose of finely chopped carrots and cucumber, along with mint, cilantro and thai basil makes them taste as fresh as a spring morning. Some classic dipping sauce would be fish sauce or soy sauce with lime, garlic and chilies.

The best thing about rice paper rolls is that you can stuff them with anything you want. The salad some people in your household refused to eat last night? Roll it in rice paper and put it right in the lunch box.

Chicken salad, tuna salad or your favorite slaw will love to be rolled and eaten on the go. This trick will work wonders with any noodle or pasta dish remnants as well. You can include grilled, baked, steamed or fried meat or fish leftovers,

just wrap it with some lettuce and herbs. Let your creative juices flow and find your favorite one.

AT LAST IT'S SPRING ROLLS

- Take the leftovers you have in the fridge.
- Take any fresh veggies you like: leaves such as lettuce or spinach, roots such as carrots or beetroots, cabbage and cucumbers.
- Take any fresh herbs you like, such as mint, cilantro or basil.
- Slice, chop or shred the veggies. Everything in the food processor might be a good option; slicing into very fine sticks is good too if you have time and patience.
- Dip the rice paper in warm water, let it soak for a few seconds.
- Lay it on the counter and put two spoonfuls of your blend of herbs, veggies and leftovers on top.
- Roll it towards you, folding the lateral edges inside halfway. It might be messy when you roll it for the first time, but keep on, it will improve very quickly. A good option is to take two rice papers instead of one to make the rolls less delicate to handle.
- Dip in a dressing of your choice and eat as soon as possible (rolls may be kept for up to a day in the fridge).

NON RECIPES NO. 3: ROLL IT!



BECOMING THEMSELVES: Spock (Zachary Quinto) and Kirk (Chris Pine) and the rest of the cast spend this movie establishing the relationships that we know and love from the original series while putting their own stamp on the characters.

Star Trek boldly examines terrorism

by **Jeremy Webster**
jwebster@f5paper.com

Khan. The name is legend to *Star Trek* fans. The character — capably portrayed in the original series episode “Space Seed” in 1967 and in the 1982 feature film *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* by Ricardo Montalban — is, despite 31 years absence from the venerable franchise’s television and movie projects, most likely the most iconic villain in its history.

For the latest installment in their alternate *Star Trek* universe, director J.J. Abrams and his writers Roberto Orci, Alex Kurtzman and Damon Lindelof revive the brilliant, superhuman warrior — this time coldly and capably played by *Sherlock*’s Benedict Cumberbatch — to serve as one of a number of major problematic cogs in a plot that warps *Star Trek* into the post-9/11 era.

After a terrorist bombing at a Federation data storage facility, the seemingly ever-in-crisis crew of the *Enterprise* is ordered to travel to the very edge of The Neutral Zone and use a special assortment of long range photon torpedoes to dispatch their target from afar. It’s a move rife with the potential for political crisis, as the terrorist has taken up residence in a desolate, unpopulated region of the planet Kronos, home world of



WHAT’S THIS BUTTON DO?: It’s like a rite of passage: Second movie? Blow up the *Enterprise*. But it’s totally different this time. Totally. Except the parts that are just like they were in other movies. But still awesome.

the Klingon race. With the Federation and The Klingon Empire engaged in an interstellar cold war, detection of a Federation ship firing upon their planet would be easy justification for that cold war to go hot.

Technical issues on the *Enterprise* force a small group of the *Enterprise*’s crew, led by Captain Kirk (Chris Pine), to travel to the surface of Kronos themselves, only to eventually discover that the situation they’ve been sent into is far more perilous and complicated than any of them could have imagined.

What has been described so far is actually the merest trace of everything that goes on in this film. Outside of all the political and military issues the *Enterprise* — and the viewer — is presented with, there’s plenty going on at a personal level. Kirk finds his sometimes reckless disregard for Federation protocol threatening his command. Spock (Zachary Quinto) finds his nonemotional logicity putting him at odds with both his

see “*Star Trek*” page 13

>SEE IT

Title *Star Trek Into Darkness*

Rating F5

Short review A

lot of intimate character development, political intrigue and massive thrill-ride effects are crammed into a compact and cohesive whole.

Into Darkness an exhilarating post-9/11 Star Trek outing.

NowPlaying::

F5

MOVIE RATINGS GUIDE

- F5 • Awe-Inspiring
- F4 • Batten Down the Trailer!
- F3 • Blew Off A Few Shingles
- F2 • Slightly Sucks
- F1 • Just Blows

Showtimes are from Friday, May 24 to Thursday, May 30

>NEW THIS WEEK

- Epic
- Fast and Furious 6
- The Hangover Part III

>RETRO

- Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (1990)

42 (PG-13)

Starring Chadwick Boseman, T.R. Knight, Harrison Ford. Directed by Brian Helgeland.

Plot: The life story of Jackie Robinson and his history-making signing with the Brooklyn Dodgers under the guidance of team executive Branch Rickey.

Genre: Biography, Drama, Sport

Rating: F4

Short review: 42 is an old-fashioned, archetypal biopic concerned mostly with a single moral dichotomy — and, fortunately for it, is still involving and sincere.

13th Ave Warren: 6:45, 9:30; **21st St Warren:** 7:05, 10:05

The Call (R)

Starring Halle Berry, Evie Thompson, Abigail Breslin. Directed by Brad Anderson.

Plot: When veteran 911 operator Jordan Turner receives a call from a girl who has just been abducted, she soon realizes that she must confront a killer from her past in order to save the girl's life.

Genre: Thriller

Palace West: 1:45, 4:15, 7, 9:30 with 11:50 p.m. Fri-Sat and 11:30 a.m. Tue

The Croods (PG)

Starring Nicolas Cage, Ryan Reynolds, Emma Stone. Directed by Kirk De Micco, Chris Sanders.

Plot: In this animated prehistoric comedy adventure, we follow the world's first family as they embark on a journey of a lifetime when the cave that has always shielded them from danger is destroyed.

Genre: Animation, Adventure, Comedy, Family

Rating: F4

Short review: The Croods is an above average C.G.I.-animated family film with enough heart and visual artistry — particularly in regard to its onscreen world — to elevate it above many of its Dreamworks Animation Studio peers.

Palace West: 1:35, 2:10, 4:10, 6:30, 8:50 with 11:10 p.m. Fri-Sat and 11:15 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. Tue

New This Week

Epic (PG)

Starring Colin Farrell, Josh Hutcherson, Beyoncé Knowles. Directed by Chris Wedel.

Plot: A teenager finds herself transported to a deep forest setting where a battle between the forces of good and the forces of evil is taking place. She bands together with a rag-tag group of characters in order to save their world — and ours.

Genre: Animation, Adventure, Family, Fantasy

13th Ave Warren: Noon, 12:30 (3D), 1:30, 2:50, 3:20 (3D), 4:20, 6, 7:15, 9, 10:10; **21st St Warren:** 12:15, 1 (3D), 1:45, 3:15, 3:40 (3D), 4:25, 6:20 (3D), 7:15, 9:15 (3D), 10; **Movie Machine:** 1:40, 4:10, 7:05 with 9:25 p.m. Fri-Sat; **Derby Plaza Theatres:** 1:35, 3:55 (3D), 7:15, 9:30 (3D)

Escape from Planet Earth (PG)

Starring Brendan Fraser, Sarah Jessica Parker, Jessica Alba. Directed by Cal Brunker.

Plot: Astronaut Scorch Supernova finds himself caught in a trap when he responds to an SOS from a notoriously dangerous alien planet.

Genre: Animation, Adventure, Comedy, Family, Sci-Fi

Palace West: 1:20, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 with 11 a.m. Tue

New This Week

Fast and Furious 6 (PG-13)

Starring Dwayne Johnson, Paul Walker, Vin Diesel. Directed by Justin Lin.

Plot: Agent Luke Hobbs enlists Dominic Toretto and his team to bring down former Special Ops soldier Owen Shaw, leader of a unit specializing in vehicular warfare.

Genre: Action, Crime, Thriller

13th Ave Warren: 11am, 12:15, 1:15, 2:30, 3, 4, 4:45, 6, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10, 11:30; **21st St Warren:** Noon, 12:35, 1:20, 2, 3:10, 3:40, 4:30, 5:10, 6:20, 6:55, 7:45, 8:20, 9:30, 10:10; **Movie Machine:** 1, 3:40, 6:40 with 9:20 p.m. Fri-Sat; **Warren Oldtown:** 6:30, 7, 9:40, 9:50 daily with 3:15, 3:45 Fri-Mon and Wed, and Noon, 12:30 Sat-Mon, and 10:20 Sat; **Derby Plaza Theatres:** 1, 1:30, 3:50, 4:15, 7:10, 7:30, 9:55

G.I. Joe: Retaliation (PG-13)

Starring Channing Tatum, Dwayne Johnson, Ray Park. Directed by Jon M. Chu.

Plot: Framed for crimes against the country, the G.I. Joe team is terminated by the President's order, and the surviving team members face off against Zartan, his accomplices, and the world leaders he has under his influence.

Genre: Action, Adventure, Sci-Fi, Thriller

Palace West: 2, 4:20, 7, 9:15 with 11:40 p.m. Fri-Sat and 11:40 a.m. Tue

The Great Gatsby (PG-13)

Starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Joel Edgerton, Tobey Maguire. Directed by Baz Luhrmann.

Plot: An adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Long Island-set novel, where Midwesterner Nick Carraway is lured into the lavish world of his neighbor, Jay Gatsby. Soon enough, however, Carraway will see through the cracks of Gatsby's nouveau riche existence, where obsession, madness, and tragedy await.

Genre: Drama, Romance

Rating: F3

Short review: Brilliant performances aside, *Gatsby* falls short of the big summer movie expectations with strange visuals and a morally corrupt story.

13th Ave Warren: 11:30 a.m., 1, 3, 4:30, 6:30, 8, 10; **21st St Warren:** 12:05, 1:45, 3:10, 5:15, 6:25, 8:45, 9:50; **Warren Oldtown:** 6:30, 10 daily with 3 Fri-Mon and Wed, and 11:30 a.m. Sat-Mon; **Derby Plaza Theatres:** 1, 4, 7

New This Week

The Hangover Part III (R)

Starring Bradley Cooper, Ed Helms, Zach Galifianakis. Directed by Todd Phillips.

Plot: This time, there's no wedding. No bachelor party. What could go wrong, right? But when the Wolfpack hits the road, all bets are off.

Genre: Comedy

13th Ave Warren: 12:40, 1:10, 1:40, 2:10, 3:30, 4, 4:30, 5, 6:20, 6:50, 7:20, 8:15, 9:10, 9:40, 10:10; **21st St Warren:** 12:10, 12:55, 1:40, 3, 3:50, 4:30, 5:45, 6:30, 7:20, 8:30, 9:15, 10:10; **Movie Machine:** 1:30, 4, 7 with 9:30 p.m. Fri-Sat; **Warren Oldtown:** 6:45, 7:30, 10:10, 10:30 daily with 1:50, 3, 3:30, 4:10 Fri, 1:50 Sat, 12:15, 12:30 Sat-Mon, 3:30, 4 Sun-Mon and Wed, and 11:30 a.m. Sat-Mon; **Derby Plaza Theatres:** 1:40, 4:10, 7:15, 9:35

Identity Thief (R)

Starring Jason Bateman, Melissa McCarthy, John Cho. Directed by Seth Gordon.

Plot: Mild-mannered businessman Sandy Patterson travels from Denver to Miami to confront the deceptively harmless-looking woman who has been living it up after stealing Sandy's identity.

Genre: Comedy, Crime

Palace West: 4:25, 6:50, 9:05 with 11:25 p.m. Fri-Sat

Iron Man 3 (PG-13)

Starring Robert Downey Jr., Gwyneth Paltrow, Guy Pearce. Directed by Shane Black.

Plot: When Tony Stark's world is torn apart by a formidable terrorist called the Mandarin, Stark starts an odyssey of rebuilding and retribution.

Genre: Action, Sci-Fi, Thriller

Rating: F3

Short review: Iron Man 3 isn't terrible — it has its moments, its big-time action spectacle and Downey is in perfect form — but the dark tone and stupid script issues send this formerly high-flying franchise into somewhat of a tailspin.

13th Ave Warren: 12:30, 2, 3:40, 5:30, 7, 9, 10:15; **21st St Warren:** 12:35, 2, 3:50, 5:15, 6:55, 8:30, 10; **Movie Machine:** 1:10, 3:55, 6:50 with 9:35 p.m. Fri-Sat; **Warren Oldtown:** 7:30, 10:30 daily with 3 Fri-Mon and Wed, and 11:30 a.m. Sat-Mon; **Derby Plaza Theatres:** 1:15, 4:05, 7, 9:45

Jack the Giant Slayer (PG-13)

Starring Nicholas Hoult, Stanley Tucci, Ewan McGregor. Directed by Bryan Singer.

Plot: The ancient war between humans and a race of giants is reignited when Jack, a young farmhand fighting for a kingdom and the love of a princess, opens a gateway between the two worlds.

Genre: Adventure, Drama, Fantasy

Rating: F2

Short review: Heavy handed and filled with silly anachronisms, it pulls off some mild entertainment but largely it's just unsettling.

Palace West: 1:30, 4, 6:40, 9:10 with 11:35 p.m. Fri-Sat and 10:50 a.m. Tue

Mud (PG-13)

Starring Matthew McConaughey, Tye Sheridan, Jacob Lofland. Directed by Jeff Nichols.

Plot: Two teenage boys encounter a fugitive and form a pact to help him evade the bounty hunters on his trail and to reunite him with his true love.

Genre: Drama

Rating: F5

Short review: A charming and thrilling coming-of-age story filled with heart.

13th Ave Warren: Noon, 3:20, 6:40, 9:40; **21st St Warren:** 12:15, 3:30, 6:50, 9:55

Oblivion (PG-13)

Starring Tom Cruise, Morgan Freeman, Olga Kurylenko. Directed by Joseph Kosinski.

Plot: A veteran assigned to extract Earth's remaining resources begins to question what he knows about his mission and himself.

Genre: Action, Adventure, Mystery, Sci-Fi

Rating: F3

Short review: Oblivion is a science fiction equivalent of Johnny Cash's "One Piece At a Time" Cadillac. The Caddy is really shiny and awesome to behold, and Cruise is the perfect driver, but, outside of that, it doesn't have any single part it can call its own.

Palace West: 1:55, 4:30, 7:10 with 10, 11:20 p.m. Fri-Sat and 11 a.m. Tue

Oz the Great and Powerful (PG)

Starring James Franco, Michelle Williams, Rachel Weisz. Directed by Sam Raimi.

Plot: A small-time circus magician with dubious ethics is hurled away from dusty Kansas to the vibrant Land of Oz. At first he thinks fame and fortune are his for the taking, until he meets three witches who are not convinced he is the great wizard everyone's been expecting.

Genre: Action, Adventure, Fantasy

Rating: F4

Short review: A well-crafted, fun time at the movies despite having a little trouble finding the balance between high fantasy and darker emotional overtones. And Franco maybe isn't the most convincing con man wizard.

Palace West: 1:25, 4:20, 7:20 with 10:15 p.m. Fri-Sat and 10:45 a.m. Tue

Star Trek Into Darkness (PG-13)

Starring Benedict Cumberbatch, Chris Pine, Zachary Quinto, Karl Urban, Zoe Saldana, Simon Pegg, John Cho, Leonard Nimoy, Alice Eve. Directed by J.J. Abrams.

Plot: After the crew of the Enterprise find an unstoppable force of terror from within their own organization, Captain Kirk leads a manhunt to a war-zone world to capture a one man weapon of mass destruction.

Genre: Action, Adventure, Sci-Fi

Rating: F5

Short review: Star Trek Into Darkness crams intimate character development, political intrigue and massive thrill-ride effects and action spectacle set pieces into a compact and cohesive whole, producing a solid and entertaining piece of post-9/11 sci-fi social commentary.

13th Ave Warren: 12:30, 1:10, 1:45, 2:30, 3:40, 4:40, 5:15, 5:45, 7, 8, 8:40, 9:15, 10:15; **21st St Warren:** Noon, 12:30 (IMAX, 3D), 1:15, 3:15, 3:45 (IMAX, 3D), 4:40, 6:30, 7 (IMAX, 3D), 8, 9:45, 10:15 (IMAX, 3D); **Movie Machine:** 12:45, 3:35, 6:30 with 9:20 p.m. Fri-Sat; **Warren Oldtown:** 7, 10:20 (3D) daily with 3:45 Fri-Mon and Wed, and Noon (3D) Sat-Mon; **Derby Plaza Theatres:** 1:15, 4, 7:05, 9:55

Retro

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (1990) (PG)

Starring Josh Pais, Michelan Sisti, Judith Hoag. Directed by Steve Barron.

Plot: A quartet of mutated humanoid turtles clash with an uprising criminal gang of ninjas.

Genre: Action, Adventure, Comedy, Family

Palace West: 11 a.m. Wed-Thu



YES, HIS NAME IS "CUMBERBATCH": British actor Benedict Cumberbatch shows less chest but more ice as the new super terrorist Kahn, who never knew the horrors of Ceti Alpha V but is still hellbent on taking over the world.

can we approach the universe with a message of peace and goodwill if we can't even do that among *ourselves* yet?

Another element that will likely result in love or hate response from old fans is a number of scenes, particularly late in the film, that, while not replications, are certainly situational mirrors of scenes from previous movies. For myself, I found them clever and earnest homages to what came before. Some, however, seem to have felt as if their precious earlier films were being badly recycled in a cynical attempt to incite a reaction. While this will be a "to each their own" issue, the alternate universe aspect of Abrams' *Trek* hardly makes this anywhere near a similar horror as to, say, George Lucas' continual revising of his original *Star Wars* films.

With *Star Trek Into Darkness*, Abrams and crew have managed to cram intimate character development, political intrigue and massive thrill-ride effects and action spectacle set pieces into a compact and cohesive whole. It's not quite the nostalgic *Trek* we knew, but, as a series foundational film, it promises that, should future installments find the Enterprise and her crew journeying into the truly unknown, the possibilities they might bring us will be endless and well-worth watching.

"Star Trek" from page 11

girlfriend Uhura (Zoe Saldana) and Kirk. The personnel turmoil of the first half hour of the film *alone* will nearly make a viewer's head spin, though it's sensical in terms of continuing the character development that began with Abrams' 2009 *Star Trek* reboot.

The 2009 *Trek* showed this iconic crew thrown into crisis and forced to work together for the first time.

Into Darkness is still chronologically early in Kirk and crew's adventures, and in this outing we see the sprouting roots of the relationships we know and love from the original series and films. Karl Urban particularly shines in the role of Doctor McCoy, taking that gruff, sarcastic-yet-humanist core that anchored DeForest Kelley's incarnation and translating it into something that's his own.

Of course, this being a summer blockbuster film, all of this plotting and character development is heavily interspersed with big-time, thrilling effects-heavy spectacle set pieces of such scope and energy that their constant onslaught feels as if they're pushing the "ENOUGH"

boundary without ever going over it.

Old school *Star Trek*, even at its most expensive, tended to be a mostly static affair. Gone are roundtable meetings where the characters sit and discuss their crisis and their next move, replaced with Kirk, Spock and McCoy standing aside on the bridge in tense discussion while a single camera circles them.

Abrams seems intent that, above all else, the film needs a consistent feel of motion, and the result is a movie intent on maintaining its flow and pace, a space-bound amusement ride engineered to never allow the passengers to fall into a lull.

There will be arguments from some quarters that, while this new *Trek* is excellent summer blockbuster fare, its retreat from a sense of existential philosophizing betrays the very core principles Roddenberry and his followers continued to try to bring to the television and silver screen throughout its 47 year history.

While there's a validity in such criticism, it's also important to note that another key element of the series was an ongoing thread of humanity growing beyond its uglier, more primitive

elements — war-mongering, greed, ego, xenophobic fear of the unknown — to meet the universe with a greater maturity and capability of appreciation beyond pettiness.

This is precisely where this *Trek* film, which could largely be seen as a science fiction exploration of human and military morality in a post-9/11 world, fits in. How

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ARTS

Monday, May 13

Alexandria DeLong - "Caesura"

Mon., May 13 to Fri., May 31

7 p.m. Ceramic works and paintings. @MindFire Academy Art Gallery, 3805 E. Harry Suite 105.

Tuesday, May 21

BFA Graduate Exhibition

Tue., May 21 to Fri., May 31

6 p.m. WSU graduate art by Abram Howell, Mike Miller, Beth Post, Aaron Rivera, Melody Sears and Michelle Sinclair. @WSU Shift Space, 326 S. Commerce.

Friday, May 24

From the Margins

5:30 p.m. New paintings, drawings and sculpture by Kevin Kelley. @The Fiber Studio, 418 S. Commerce.

Sunday, May 26

The Hills Are Alive: Flint Hills Landscapes

2 p.m. @Carriage Factory Art Gallery, 128 E. Sixth, Newton.

Friday, May 31

Reinvented: New Paintings by Harry Williford

Fri., May 31 to Wed., June 26

5:30 p.m. This Final Friday opening reception also features the sculptures of Don Lind. @Gallery XII, 412 E. Douglas.

Eunice Kim

Fri., May 31 to Fri., June 7

6 p.m. Oil, pastel, watercolor and acrylic landscapes and still life. @Hana Next Door, 321 N. Mead.

The Santa Fe Collection

5 p.m. This collection of contemporary paintings, sculpture, prints and assemblage will open with a preview and sale on Thursday May 30 and continue with a second opening on Final Friday. @Marcia McCoy Studios and Center, 5020 E. Central.

The WAKE: Famous Dead Artists Closing Reception

5 p.m. @CityArts, 334 N. Mead.

Earth & Sky: Women of the Prairie

5 p.m. Featuring women artists from Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri. @ArtWorks, 6120 Shadybrook Ln.

Glitz, Glamour and Gatsby's Women of the '20s

5 p.m. This show features portraits by Kimberly Chambers Nelson. @Orpheum Theatre, 200 N. Broadway.

Lee Shiney

6 p.m. Sub-substrates: painting experimentations on alternative surfaces. @Watermark Books & Cafe, 4701 E. Douglas.

Final Friday at Blue Swallowtail Studio

6 p.m. New works by guest artists Kim Lister and Barbara Vogt. Free. @Blue Swallowtail Studio, 1712 W. Douglas.

John D. Morrison

6:30 p.m. Kansas landscape photography. Free. @Prairie Vistas Photography Gallery, 151 N. Rock Island, Ste. 1D.

Final Friday at Mrs. O'Leary's

7 p.m. Demonstration on how to dye fabric with rust, led by Sandy Hysom. Free. @Mrs. O'Leary's, 126 N. Mead St.

Saturday, June 15

Enameling Workshop with Kris Bohanan

1 p.m. This class is limited to 10-12 students. Recommended tools to bring are tweezers, needle-nose pliers, pallet knife or small spatula. Materials will be supplied. \$70 for class and materials. @Carriage Factory Art Gallery, 128 E. Sixth, Newton.

Ongoing

Quilts from the Permanent Collection

Sat., Feb. 16 to Sun., June 2

5 p.m. @Wichita Art Museum, 1400 W. Museum Blvd.

Bridging Art & Science

Sat., Feb. 23 to Sun., June 23

5 p.m. In this linear exhibit space located on Exploration Place's indoor bridge, enjoy pieces by local artists that illustrate the intermingling of art and science. Exploration Place @Exploration Place, 300 N. McLean Blvd.

"Howard Greer Designs for Hollywood and Wichita"

Tue., March 5 to Fri., Aug. 9

This exhibit features 1950s women's clothing from the Wichita-Sedgwick County Historical Museum's collection. The designer Howard Greer's "ready to wear" pieces were sold from the Topaz Room of Wichita's Innes Department Store and are featured in this special exhibit. Museum hours are Tues.-Fri. 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Sat.-Sun. 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. \$4 adults, \$2 children @Wichita - Sedgwick County Historical Museum, 204 S. Main.

Exhibition: "Print and Print Makers in Wichita, 1916-1946: C.A. Seward and Friends"

Sat., March 30 to Sun., Aug. 4

Legends of the print-making world are once again united in this groundbreaking exhibition. More than 70 prints will be exhibited from important Kansas artists including Charles Capps, Leo Courtney, Clarence Hotvedt and founding father of the Wichita print-making community, C.A. Seward. @Wichita Art Museum, 1400 W. Museum Blvd.

Wheatshocker Warhols

Sat., April 6 to Sun., Sept. 29

This exhibition features works drawn from the museum's collection by WSU faculty, past and present. @Wichita Art Museum, 1400 W. Museum Blvd.

"Brushes in Bloom"

Fri., April 26 to Fri., May 31

This show features artists from Artist Ventral and Wichita Women Artists as well as feature artist, Courtney Schenk. @KMH Art Gallery- Kansas Masonic Home, 401 S. Seneca.

Jerry Osment, Paul Cavanaugh and James L. Crawford

Fri., April 26 to Fri., June 28

Oil and watercolor paintings. @Collectors Fine Art Gallery, 340 S. Main.

Chiaw-Weai Loo "Transformations of Water"

Fri., April 26 to Tue., May 28

New paintings on rice paper. @Gallery XII, 412 E. Douglas.

Christina Renee Rodriguez- The Stain Series

Fri., April 26 to Fri., May 31

6 p.m. Award-winning photography exhibit features photographed stains which are then processed with a controlled amount of manipulation. @The Jones Gallery, 414 S. Commerce.

Pushing Up Daisies: Famous Dead Artists 20th Anniversary Exhibit

Fri., April 26 to Sat., May 25

6 p.m. @CityArts, 334 N. Mead.

Robert J. Schmidt, Scott Garrelts and Tulia Callanan

Fri., April 26 to Sat., May 25

6:30 p.m. This exhibit will feature object and element art, original blown glass and oil paintings. @Mead Street Gallery and Gifts, 121 N. Mead, Ste. 107.

XX6

Fri., April 26 to Fri., May 31 - by appointment

This biennial women's art exhibition has brought art and artists to Kansas from as far away as Iraq and South Africa. @Fisch Haus Studios, 524 S. Commerce.

Alexandria DeLong - "Caesura"

Mon., May 13 to Fri., May 31

7 p.m. Ceramic works and paintings. @MindFire Academy Art Gallery, 3805 E. Harry Suite 105.

Erin Furber - "Specimens"

Thu., May 16 to Fri., May 31

@Bluebird Arthouse, 924 W. Douglas.

Tsate Kongia: Walking in Two Worlds, the Life of Blackbear Bosin

Thu., May 16 to Thursday, Oct. 17

10 p.m. Exhibit celebrating the life and art of the Comanche-Kiowa artist and sculptor. Standard

museum admission prices. @Mid-American All-Indian Center, 650 N. Seneca.

Jasmine Massions

Fri., May 17 to Fri., May 31

Fine-Art photography. @Lotus Leaf Cafe, 613 W. Douglas.

ARTS: CALL FOR ENTRIES

Friday, July 26

Gallery XII: Annual Crazy Eights Small Works Invitational Show

Friday, July 26 The show will take place July 26.

Contact Gallery XII for entry information. @Gallery XII, 412 E. Douglas.

FILM

Thursday, May 23

Grease-Rockin' Rydell Sing-A-Long

7 p.m. To celebrate the 35th anniversary of "Grease," the Orpheum hosts this interactive screening. \$5 for adults, \$4 for seniors, military and students. @Orpheum Theatre, 200 N. Broadway.

Thursday, May 30

Budrus

7 p.m. This award-winning feature documentary is the story of a Palestinian community organizer, Ayed Morrar, and his daughter who unite local Fatah and Hamas members along with Israeli supporters in an unarmed movement to save the village of Budrus from destruction by Israel's Separation Wall. @Peace and Social Justice Center, 1407 N. Topeka.

Thursday, June 6

June IndieConnect

6:30 p.m. CreativeRush's monthly filmmaking, production and film enthusiast event will feature a special performance by Cutter J the Absurdist, who will also talk gear and equipment used in creating his music-video-art performances. Free. @R Coffeehouse, 1144 N. Biting.

LECTURE

Thursday, May 23

Generate Storytelling: a School of StreetSmarts workshop

8 p.m. CreativeRush and advisor Larry Hatteberg present this event on stories and learning to tell stories in word, spoken, or on video or film and researching, interviewing and relating to the subject of your story. Stories, not facts, are the way to reach an audience. Facts may lodge in the brain, whereas stories lodge in the heart. Bring a chair or blanket to sit on and note taking devices. Bring \$5 cash only to event. @Old Cowtown Museum, 1871 Sim Park Dr.

Tuesday, June 4

Universoul Life: a First Tuesday Talk

7 p.m. CreativeRush presents featured panelists Kelly Rae Leffel, Michael Edward Walker and Constance Ernatt on juggling work, life, play, relationships, creative side projects and family and establishing why a work/life balance is important. Free. @Public at Brickyard, 129 N. Rock Island.

LITERARY

Thursday, May 23

The New Yorker's First art Critic: Murdock Pemberton

5:45 p.m. As part of WAM's Howard E. Wooten Lecture Series, Sally Pemberton will speak about and sign her recent biography on her grandfather, Murdock Pemberton. A wine social and dinner will be held before the lecture. \$50 for wine social and dinner, please RSVP. Lecture is free and open to the public. @Wichita Art Museum, 1400 W. Museum Blvd.

Friday, May 24

Melvin Epp - "The Petals of a Kansas Sunflower: A Mennonite Diaspora"

7 p.m. Melvin Epps reads excerpts from and signs his new book. @Watermark Books & Cafe, 4701 E. Douglas.

Tuesday, May 28

Jill McCorkle

7 p.m. Jill McCorkle will read from and sign her first new book in over a decade, "Life After Life." @Watermark Books & Cafe, 4701 E. Douglas.

Wednesday, May 29

Todd Ramsey

7 p.m. Todd Ramsey will read and sign his new book, "The Rainbow Builder." @Watermark Books & Cafe, 4701 E. Douglas.

Wednesday, June 12

Khaled Hosseini

7 p.m. WSU and Watermark Books and Cafe host "The Kite Runner" and "A Thousand Splendid Suns" author in this discussion and signing of his new book, "And the Mountains Echoed." Tickets are available for pre-order through Watermark Books, by phone at 682-1181 or online at www.watermark-books.com. \$28.95 plus tax, which includes a copy of the new book. @Eugene M. Hughes Metropolitan Complex, 5015 E. 29th St. N.

NATURE

Monday, May 27

Butterfly House Grand Opening

Monday, May 27 Regular admission. @Botanica, 701 Amidon.

SPECIAL

Saturday, May 25

Steampunk Day

Saturday, May 25 Cowtown celebrates Victorian science fiction that includes some influences from turn-of-the-century Barnum and Bailey carnivals and invites fans to experience a re-imagined, more advanced 19th century straight out of a H.G. Wells novel. Dozens of workshops, demos, games, films, dancing and more will be included. All ages. Regular museum admission prices. @Old Cowtown Museum, 1871 Sim Park Dr.

Dinosaurs Unearthed

Sat., May 25 to Mon., Sept. 2

This traveling exhibit features 14 life-size animatronic dinosaurs, 2 articulated full-scale skeletons, 22 fossils, fascinating stories and more in an immersive, prehistoric setting. @Exploration Place, 300 N. McLean Blvd.

Scientology Mission of Wichita Spring Festival 2013

Saturday, May 25 Food, activities for kids and adults and music by The Gabriel Project highlight this festival. All ages. Free admission. There will be a charge for food. @Scientology Mission of Wichita, 3705 E. Douglas Ave.

Heifer's Spring Hath Sprung Sale

9 a.m. A part of R Coffeehouse's first ever Street Festival, this is a sale of items weird, wonderful and wild. @Taproot Studio, 815 W. 11th.

Thursday, May 30

Blooms, Brews and Bloody Marys

6:30 p.m. Local restaurants and bars are competing for Wichita's Best Bloody Mary with food provided by The Flying Stove, beer from Wichita Brewing Company and River City Brewery and live music from Spirit of the Stairs. \$40. @Botanica, 701 Amidon.

Friday, May 31

Startup Weekend Wichita

Fri., May 31 - 5:30 p.m. to Sun., June 2 - 9 p.m.

Startup Weekend is a global Non-Profit Organization who's goal is putting on an event bringing together entrepreneurs, designers, developers and startup enthusiasts to participate in 54 hours of taking innovative business ideas from concept to launch. Tickets available at <http://www.eventbrite.com/event/5413632320>. \$75. The Labor Party @The Labor Party, 216 N. Mosley.

The wonder of Wonder Bread in the field

When the food just can't get any worse, only one arguably food product will do.

by Elizabeth Stevenson
estevenson@f5paper.com

[Editor's note: Elizabeth Stevenson, architecture student, accidentally joined an elite corp in the Canadian Army in 1993. This is her ongoing tale.]

Field exercises, even outside of mosquito season, are usually unpleasant, frequently unendurable.

Section Five was especially ill-fated, as our intrepid Master Corporal considered rough orienteering to be merely a light diversion, and was never happier than when thrashing through the underbrush, overstuffed rucksack of gear on his back, face caked with mud and green paint; interrupting his idyll only to bark over his shoulder every few seconds, "COME ON LADIES! Only 16 kilometers left! A walk in the park!" This got old quickly. The first time I found myself up to my neck in a bog, I figured that life just couldn't get much worse. Then, Master Corporal McLean halted us for dinner and I found out it could.



ELIZABETH STEVENSON

Mess hall food, at the base in Ottawa, was always at least edible, and even quite tasty at times.

As I soon discovered, though, field rations left very much to be desired, especially if you had a stomach that tended to rebel against lukewarm diarrhea-soaked vomit, optimistically labeled as "chili."

These IMPs, Individual Meal Packages, boasted such delicacies as macaroni and cheese (a.k.a. maggots in radioactive orange slime) and wieners and beans (a.k.a. dwarf penises and rabbit turds), complimented by an envelope of fine fruit juice crystals and finished with a waxy brown bar of Cadbury's worst.

Just one nose-full of scalloped potatoes with ham (a.k.a. waterlogged scabs with bandaids), wafting up at you from the bottom of a previously-encrusted aluminum mess tin, was enough to induce dry heaves in the heartiest of eaters.

Sometimes, we would be fortunate enough to get a boxed breakfast, which featured a food item that, in civilian life, I contemptuously reject, even to blow my nose in: white Wonder Bread. However, after one makes the initial faux pas of joining an army voluntarily, one must be

prepared to alter one's habits slightly, so I consumed it with little to no discussion. The Wonder Bread was considerably served with small pouches of jam and peanut butter, which, if acquired in volume, could stave off the worst of most hunger pangs.

I've never been a particularly picky eater, but squeezing my dinner out of a pouch into a tin cup, in a process both auditorily and olfactorily offensive, became rather a challenge after a while. During one of the aforementioned forced marches, when I was first presented with this dining opportunity, in the guise of "wieners and beans," I held my breath and welcomed the experience — I have always believed that it is character-building to try everything once, but my open mind slammed shut the second my teeth crunched down on something that was neither wiener nor bean. After a few more of these meals, I became increasingly desperate and hungry; so, beating down my inner food snob, I began to horde Wonder Bread like it was gold. I would steal a few slices here and a few slices there, stuffing them into my webbing along with all the half filled jam and peanut butter packages I could find in the trash. These made for very dusty and peculiar-smelling sandwiches, but at least the world had stopped spinning every time I stood up.

Eventually, my store ran out, and I was left with two options: either faint on duty and be sent to detention, or protest.

Protesting was not a popular activity in the army, a social group that depended on conformity and group cohesion to survive, but I figured a hunger strike was worth a try — if it worked, I would get more Wonder Bread, and if it failed ... well, jail had to be an improvement on my current conditions.

The first night, no one noticed that I wasn't eating my shepherd's pie (a.k.a. urine-scented corn and ground spleen), as I was too tired and weak to enter into the debate; but, the next evening, fortified by a large breakfast of nine granola bars, I made some real headway.

When Master Corporal McLean thrust an IMP in my general direction, not making eye contact as per his usual salutation, I politely informed him that I wouldn't be dining in that evening, thank you.

This, of course, provoked great upheaval in the ranks, as my section didn't know whether to laugh derisively or approvingly as Master Corporal McLean screamed at me for several minutes, but I eventually returned to my camp stool by the fire, strangely elated and even optimistic. The hunger strike had begun.

The next evening, Master Corporal addressed my forehead in his usual strident tone, "So, Stevenson, will you be dining with us tonight, or would you rather go and dig a new latrine with your pretty polished fingernails?"

"YOU HAD BETTER EAT WHAT YOU'RE GIVEN, STEVENSON — WE CAN'T ALL BE PRINCESSES TODAY!"

—Master Corporal McLean

I responded to the latter in the affirmative, and (admittedly somewhat reluctantly) surrendered my warm place in the campfire circle to hang out by the latrine pit all evening, digging halfheartedly with my mess kit spoon. It was actually rather pleasant back there, aside from the stench, as I was finally alone — apart from Freddo, of course, who, as my buddy, had been forced to join me in a form of coercive punishment approved by both NATO-sanctioned armies and terrorist cells. Freddo was, as expected, unimpressed by this arrangement, and encouraged me, with angry whispers

and threats of uncharacteristic violence, to just eat the fucking spleen and shut the fuck up.

I was not to be deterred, as I had a feeling that the tide was turning.

After a few more days of latrine duty and Freddo's increasingly unbecoming hysteria, our platoon's commander, Lieutenant Flayes-Divit was called to the scene.


The Lieutenant was a small man, so diminutive in fact, that the tip of the ceremonial sword he wore at all times (even in bed, one surmised) would drag along the ground as he strode about authoritatively: reviewing his troops, leading a march in the field, or just going to the restroom.

I had gotten the impression, at the beginning of our time together, that Lieutenant Flayes-Divit was unaccustomed to female companionship. He blushed to the tip of his rodent-like nose every time he issued a command to me, and rarely, if ever, dared to lift his eyes above the second button of my coat when conducting inspection during the Changing of the Guard. To be fair,

see "Wonder Bread" page 20

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"Tornadoes" from page 2

been through a genuine Kansas Brand Thunderstorm™. I figured I had just enough time to swing by and pick them up and get us all comfortably to a safe place before the storm got to us.

I was wrong.

About halfway between my place and theirs I caught a nasty little corner of the storm, and by the time I reached their house it was clear that it would be safer to stay put than for us to try to drive back toward the giant wall cloud dominating the western sky and brave what the Accuweather app on my iPhone was calling a "highly destructive tornado obscured by a huge debris cloud."

The storm today was particularly awe-inspiring as it approached and several people from the neighborhood stood in the street to watch the rotation as the storm approached.

The sky was boiling like a cauldron and it was fairly exhilarating, then suddenly as if on cue everyone in the street began to walk backward — slowly at first, then turning to run as the storm suddenly rushed over us with enough immediate force to chase us all into the same house and basement.

Within a few minutes the first heavy wave had passed and we were back on the porch and watching the hail punish my car and everything else left out in the open.

It grew from pea-sized to golfball-sized within a few minutes, and the wind kept up. As any of us who've seen enough storms know, it's not that part you need to worry about.

My friend from New Jersey made iPhone videos and took pictures of hailstones as the storm flew by.

Someone explained to him that we most likely would only need to be concerned if all the rain and hail suddenly stopped.

The storm that had threatened and struck with such initial fury soon relaxed into a heavy rain, then a gentle rain.

From where we stood, it had given all the power, color and fury of a tremendous storm without any real feeling of danger, just the potential.

The neighbors dispersed one by one.

Eventually I was left there with my friends who'd never seen such a storm, and it all felt a bit anticlimactic. What was all that fuss about?

I think the guy from across the street said it best, just before he returned home to sit on his stoop with a cold beer: "It's just Kansas saying 'hello.'"

The kid I was used to nearly dig a basement with his bare hands when the sky would turn black and scary, but eventually that fear altered into an amazement mixed with a healthy respect.

That's one fear down.

I'm still not too comfortable with the idea of nuclear annihilation and I'd rather not be abducted as a sacrifice for a bunch of Cthulu worshippers, but I can only tackle one thing at a time.

Now what?

by Aaron Wirtz
mwirtz@f5paper.com

An MFA in Creative Writing? What are you going to do with that? Are you going to work at Starbucks? You need a PhD to be an English professor these days. Where are you applying?

Seated before the Koch Arena stage this weekend, it occurred to me that all of those jeering voices we English Majors have been conditioned to listen for were only in my mind.

Commencement speaker Mike James must have been hearing them too, as he delivered a semi-defensive speech about the value of a liberal arts education in a world no longer convinced. The liberal arts, he said, teach the value of contemplation and sharpen critical thinking — skills which are transferable from one vocation to another, but most importantly, the liberal arts teach you how to listen.

And with that, my attention evaporated.

Nothing against the speech, of course.

I've always had a difficult time paying attention at graduations. Perhaps it's just the tassel, dangling like a hypnotist's



AARON
WIRTZ

watch, that renders me fuzzily complacent. Perhaps it's the mournful reading of names commemorating the end of those happy years when the world didn't expect too much of me because I was "in school."

I don't regret graduate school.

I loved teaching English Comp (although working from a fixed syllabus was a drag) and the jump up to 20-page papers was much more fun than I ever would have believed during my undergrad days.

I was privileged to receive encouragement from some exceptional professors who shaped the way I think. Now that I've had a few days to detox from the comprehensive exams, I feel those critical thinking skills applying themselves to everyday situations, just like Mr. James said they would.

I have a few gripes with the program, of course. Mostly small stuff, like how the workshop format seems biased towards short story writers, and how, amazingly, in all three years, no one ever brought up the Internet. Blogging, social media, digital publishing — never even mentioned.

I once heard it said that all any MFA program will do is train you how to

An English major's reflection

train others to get MFAs and on and on until the art form you were originally supposed to be studying eventually dissolves into irrelevance, and I probably spent too much time languishing under the weight of that idea when I should have just been writing.

Paradoxically, the Internet gives me hope for English majors.

While it's hip to blame the web for ever-worsening spelling and grammar, that same web also presents vast opportunity. I see a growing rebellion against the waves of shit that pass for "content" and "expertise." Many platforms devoted to high quality writing, like Medium.com and Matter (readmatter.com) are gaining traction by bringing back what's been missing — Critical thinking.

In spite of what the voices have been saying along, my English degrees have done nothing but good things for me. They helped me get a job I love because I identified what was right for my future. Creative Writing Majors have taken the word "creative" in creative writing for granted for so long that we forgot we'd also have to be creative with how we put the degree to work. It's time to build new career paths for ourselves because no one else will. Though the publication platforms have changed, our world is still shaped by words. And Wichita desperately needs words.

"Blum" from page 7

one loves. My fifth-grade teacher, Mr. Laskowich, read to us for a half-hour every day before lunch. My agent, who's my right arm, has made and continues to make my life possible. And ironically, all the people who told me I couldn't do it helped me because they made me come up swinging, saying, "Yes, I can!"

F5: Who are some of your literary friends (other writers, early readers, trusted agents, grad school drinking buddies, etc.) and, briefly, where and how did you meet them?

JB: I made all my writing friends in Boston either through my graduate MA program at Boston University or through the writing school Grub Street Writers — before moving to Wichita, I helped found Grub Street, and I taught fiction and novel workshops there for 15 years. I have reporter friends who also write fiction: Stephanie Ebbert, Steven Wilmsen of the *Boston Globe*. I have friends whose novels I read in workshop in their infancies who are now published and well-reviewed: Randy Susan Meyers (*The Murderer's Daughters*), Iris Gomez (*Try To Remember*), Henriette Power (*The Clover House*). Chris Castellani, artistic director of Grub Street, is one of the dearest people ever and just received a ton of accolades, including from the *New York Times*, for his third novel, *All This Talk of Love*. And I have fabulous literary friends in the Twitterverse and on Facebook: Tatiana de Rosnay, Laura Moriarty, Jami Attenberg, Cheryl Strayed, Pam Houston, Sarah McCoy, Kristina McMorris and Erika Robuck — all of whom are World War II novelists and all of whom are my USO girls in an anthology due in 2014 from

Penguin called *Grand Central*, about characters whose lives intersect in Grand Central Station on the same day after WWII.

F5: We call this "Six Degrees of Ezra Pound." It's like Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon, but with literary figures: How many steps does it take to connect yourself to one of the influential writers you listed in question No. 2?

JB: Two. Find the writer on Facebook. Write the writer a TRUTHFUL message about how much you love their work and why. Even if they don't answer (and most will), you've put good karma into the world.

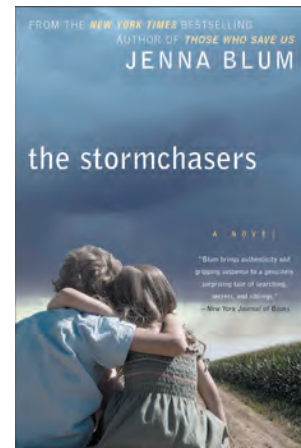
This works for Twitter, too.

F5: If you could host a Gertrude Stein-like literary salon every month, where would you have it, who would you invite and what would you talk to them about?

JB: All the people mentioned above plus many, many more. I miss my writing community in Boston very much, and I love to meet my online friends in three dimensions. When I lived in Boston, I had a brunch every Sunday that lasted for about eight hours — seriously, it started at noon; we had snacks at 4; we had dinner at 8. We read from our works-in-progress, talked about them, shared the stories behind them. There's nothing so powerful for a writer than being in the company of other writers. With the right mix of souls compounding all that belief in the imaginary, you make it real; you practically levitate.

F5: What are you working on now?

JB: Did my agent pay you to ask that? I just finished the screenplay for my first novel, *Those Who Save Us*, which is under option to become (knock wood) a feature film. I'm researching and circling Novel 3.



ASTROPOOP!

THE SKINNY ON YOUR WEEK
by Diviner Mme Zanzibird

Aries: (March 21 — April 19)
Week rating: F1
Your new film project passes the “Bechamel Test” as well as the Bechdel Test. This week: Write Bea Arthur fanfic.

Taurus: (April 20 — May 20)
Week rating: F3
Time spent learning dances from online videos is always time well spent. This week: Plant nothing but squash and daisies in your garden.

Gemini: (May 21 — June 21)
Week rating: F2
You’ll laugh so hard at *The Great Gatsby* in 3-D, you’ll scare other movie-goers. This week: Get in a Twizzler fight with a friend.

Cancer: (June 22 — July 22)
Week rating: F5
When was the last time you serenaded your mail carrier? This week: Blow a kiss at the next person who asks you what time it is.

Leo: (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Week rating: F4
The Flying Spaghetti Monster will appear to you in a dream and tell you what to do with your life. This week: Burn all copies of *Every Day with Rachael Ray* you see.

Virgo: (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
Week rating: F3
You won’t need to use as much sunscreen this summer if you wear a sombrero everywhere. This week: Write your manifesto in sidewalk chalk.

Libra: (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Week rating: F2
You can make a living on the cute cat videos you upload to YouTube. This week: Keep a few pounds of Pringles-chocolate chip cookie dough in the freezer, for emergencies.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24 — Nov. 21)
Week rating: F5
A little song bird will whistle winning lotto numbers to you. This week: Write a song about all of the barbecue places in Wichita.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22 — Dec. 21)
Week rating: F1
Your new Mallomars-bacon-pretzel-Gruyere pizza will be a hit at the church potluck. This week: Take a bicycle ride through the Gypsum Hills.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Week rating: F3
Now is the time to secure your date to the Riverfest ice cream social. This week: Start the day off correctly with a grapefruit half.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Week rating: F5
There’s still time to knit your swim suit for this summer. This week: Try the cioppino at the Ambassador Hotel downtown.

Pisces: (Feb. 19 — March 20)
Week rating: F2
Anything worth writing is worth writing with a feather quill pen. This week: Paint your white Ford F150 with polka dots so you can find it easily in parking lots.

¡Ask a Mexican!

by Gustavo Arellano
themexican@5paper.com

Dear Mexican: Like many Americans, I’ve heard about the “Fast and Furious” scandal in which our own ATF was shown to be corrupt and guilty of supplying guns that ended up in the hands of the drug cartels. Now, if I say any more, I might be talking about facts that I don’t know, and I would probably only be spouting off about what I heard on the news. I also recently saw a report about the violence in Mexico, and it mentioned something that I was unaware of. The report stated that there is only one place in all of Mexico for a citizen to purchase a firearm. However, we know that the cartels in Ciudad Juarez (and other parts of Mexico) are heavily armed. Of course, there is always the larger world market the cartels could use to find their firepower. But just across the border in the U.S., there are hundreds

of gun stores, in addition to an ATF that is apparently willing to supply guns to them.

Now, I’m not much of a gun proponent or opponent. I don’t think firearms (in and of themselves) are the cause of or solution to most of our societal problems. However, I do know that firepower makes cartels powerful, and the drug violence coming out of Mexico is hard to ignore. In light of the fact that Mexicans can only legally obtain one gun, purchased from one location (if they meet all the requirements), what are the statistics for gun-ownership in Mexico? How does the Mexican culture differ when it comes to the average citizen and their view of safety and their right to protect themselves? There are obviously differing opinions in the U.S.A. about gun ownership, gun rights, and gun control. Similarly,



¡ASK A MEXICAN!

I would expect that Mexicans have different views and opinions among each other regarding firearms.

But really, my main question is: One gun store? In all of Mexico? One gun store? Meanwhile, Juarez is awash with guns and blood.

Curious Jorge

Dear Pocho: Before I get to your *pregunta*, a quick comment on *Fast and Furious*: while I’m not a fan of the Obama administration, isn’t it so *gabacho* for Obama critics to only care about the smuggling of guns into Mexico, which

causes untold misery to so many, when they can embarrass him with it? Refry this, *gabachos*: Mexicans have been buying guns in the States and sneaking them into Mexico since the days of the Magón brothers (my favorite smuggling story: a man I knew once wrapped yarn

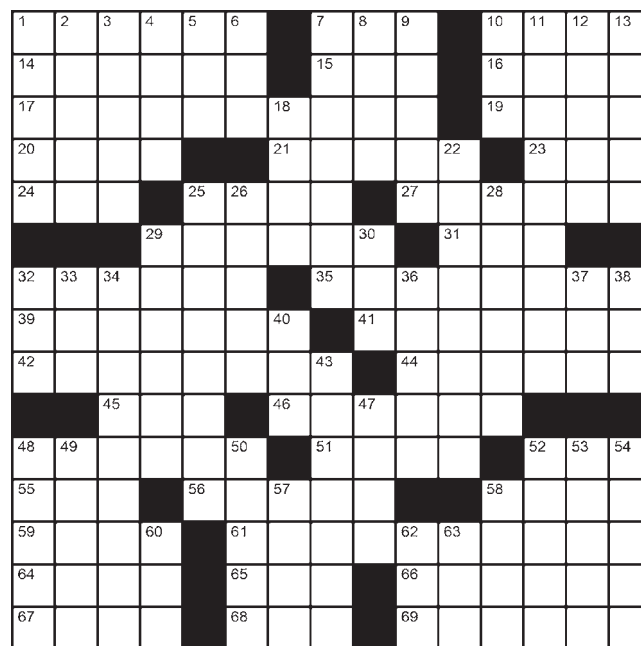
see “Mexican” page 19

Jonesin’ Crosswords “Sound Off” — or so I’ve heard.

by Matt Jones

ACROSS

- 1 Convention city
- 7 Network with videos
- 10 Greenish-blue
- 14 Where mimes may be trapped
- 15 Hokkaido “yes”
- 16 Phoenix five (plus the bench)
- 17 How termites start on trees?
- 19 Good last name for a veterinarian
- 20 ___ out a living
- 21 Chipmunk in a red shirt
- 23 AFL-___
- 24 “___ for Ricochet” (2004 mystery novel)
- 25 Restaurant handout
- 27 Pillager
- 29 Place for a pedicure
- 31 Quiz site
- 32 Get bigger
- 35 Make a remix for YouTube, often
- 39 Ditch
- 41 Bubbly mixer
- 42 Like some women’s bathing suits
- 44 Ramona’s sister, in the Beverly Cleary books
- 45 Gaza gp.
- 46 Like some pools
- 48 Home of the Oregon Ducks
- 51 Itty-bitty city
- 52 Maritime abbr. that predated SOS
- 55 “Weekend Edition Saturday” ailer
- 56 ___ whale
- 58 Feng ___
- 59 “Bloom County” penguin
- 61 Modern mini-obituary?
- 64 Fallon’s replacing him



- 65 Alley ___
- 66 Most wintry
- 67 Bohemian
- 68 Ball or top
- 69 Humpty-___

DOWN

- 1 Futuristic artist H.R.
- 2 Japanese mushroom
- 3 Local areas, casually
- 4 Subsides
- 5 Stereo knob abbr.
- 6 Fire truck accessory
- 7 Taco-like Taco Bell item
- 8 Sports announcer Albert who says “Yesssss!”
- 9 Polynesian idols
- 10 Be a good journalist
- 11 Hype around a bad doctor?
- 12 Set loose
- 13 Fur tycoon John Jacob ___
- 18 Cessations
- 22 Complex guy?
- 25 Extra-large pads
- 26 Singer Gorme

LAST WEEK’S ANSWER



- 28 Word after cookie or cigar
- 29 Horse with spots
- 30 Sydneysider’s nat.
- 32 Tokyo of old
- 33 Prefix meaning “foreign”
- 34 Lackey who hauls around seasonal marshmallows?
- 36 Kneeler on the field
- 37 Modern, in Munich
- 38 Urgent care alternatives
- 40 VII times XIII
- 43 Tendency toward chaos
- 47 Acronym in 2013 Supreme Court news
- 48 ___ Gay
- 49 Not lower
- 50 Center in central Florida
- 52 Chick noise
- 53 A Tribe Called ___
- 54 Simple song
- 57 Ending for switch
- 58 Take to the lake
- 60 Miso makeup
- 62 Joke (around)
- 63 Fort Worth sch.

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>GET LISTED

To get on this page, submit your info to events@f5paper.com.

Thursday, May 23

Kelley Hunt
6:30 p.m. \$15. @Botanica, 701 Amidon.

Monty Harrison
6:30 p.m. @Adrian's Restaurant, 2121 N. Rock Road, Suite 300.

Danny Black
8 p.m. Must be 21. @Pumphouse, 825 E 2nd.

Open Mic Night
8 p.m. All ages. Free. @R Coffeehouse, 1144 N. Bitting.

Japanese Gameshow and Travel Guide
9 p.m. Must be 21. Free. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Ms. Lady Dee and the Boyz
9 p.m. Must be 21. @Mort's Cigar Bar, 923 E. First.

Evil Bastards, DJ Carbon and Manish Law
9 p.m. Must be 21. @The Brickyard, 129 N. Rock Island.

Friday, May 24

David Vidal
5:30 p.m. All ages. Free. @Old Town Square, 327 N. Mead.

Samantha Fish
7 p.m. Must be 21. \$15. @Soggy Bottom Too, 779 N West St.

Lacey Cruse
8 p.m. All ages. Free. @The Donut Whole, 1720 E. Douglas.

Jonathan Fleig
8 p.m. All ages. Free. @R Coffeehouse, 1144 N. Bitting.

Get Bad
9 p.m. @Jerry's Bar & Grill, 630 N. Robin.

The Flaming Wailers, DeathBlack Flowers and Matt Hamer
9 p.m. Must be 21. @John Barleycorn's, 608 E. Douglas.

The Gabriel Project
9 p.m. Must be 21. @Loft 150, 150 1/2 N. Mosley.

Young
10 p.m. 18 and older. \$7. @The Shop, 613 N. Baltimore Ave., Derby.

Plaguebot, DMFP and The Bloody Wayside
10 p.m. Must be 21. Free. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Saturday, May 25

Saturday Morning Jazz
10 a.m. All ages. Free. @R Coffeehouse, 1144 N. Bitting.

"Events" from page 14

Saturday, June 1

Cigar Circus Big Top
Saturday, June 1 The Cigar Circus will feature 30 different cigar manufacturers and celebrities. Tickets get you a free cigar from every manufacturer, carnies food, soda and other surprise gifts. @The Humidor Cigars and Lounge, 8558 W. 21st, Ste. 100.

Museum of Heart: Inspiration Academy Open House
4 p.m. Grand opening and open house for Museum of Heart: Inspiration Academy, who will offer various art, health and spiritual classes. All ages. @Museum of Heart: Inspiration Academy, 131 S. Laura.

Thursday, June 6

Riverfest Marketplace
Thu., June 6 to Sat., June 8
This temporary Marketplace will be a part of the closing weekend of Wichita Riverfest. The Marketplace

Raging Sea
8 p.m. All ages. Free. @R Coffeehouse, 1144 N. Bitting.

Tim Jonas and the Whiskey Militia
8 p.m. Must be 21. @Pumphouse, 825 E 2nd.

The Mudbugs Cajun and Zydeco Band
8 p.m. Must be 21. @Oeno Wine Bar, 330 N. Mead, Ste. 100.

Matthew Feeds the Bears
8 p.m. All ages. Free. @The Donut Whole, 1720 E. Douglas.

Get Bad
9 p.m. @Jerry's Bar & Grill, 630 N. Robin.

Truck or Dead Horse, Chauffeurs and Bridegeist
9 p.m. Must be 21. @Lucky's Everyday, 1217 E. Douglas.

Los Costanzas and The Joy Coughs
9 p.m. Must be 21. @John Barleycorn's, 608 E. Douglas.

The Gabriel Project
9 p.m. Must be 21. @Loft 150, 150 1/2 N. Mosley.

The New Imperialism, The Calamity Cubes and Dead Silos
9 p.m. Must be 21. \$5. @Rock Island Live, 101 N. Rock Island.

Sunday, May 26

Seth Girton
11 a.m. All ages. Free. @R Coffeehouse, 1144 N. Bitting.

Low Counts
8 p.m. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Stereofidelics
8 p.m. Must be 21. @Betty's Runway Lounge, 4000 S Broadway.

Monday, May 27

Aaron Lee Martin, Besides Daniel and Twin Cities
7 p.m. All ages. \$5 donation to support the touring act. @Vertical Violet, 655 N. Volutsia.

Stereofidelics
9 p.m. Must be 21. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Tuesday, May 28

The Mudbugs Cajun and Zydeco Band
5:30 p.m. \$3 for Botanica members. \$7 for non-members. @Botanica, 701 Amidon.

Cheap Trick
7 p.m. \$59. @Stiefel Theatre, 151 S Santa Fe Ave, Salina.

Babylonian Bathroom Demon, Dream Crusher, Living Ghost and Serpent Overlord Serpent
8 p.m. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Wednesday, May 29

Carlos Wheelhouse and His Flying Guitar
7 p.m. All ages. Free. @R Coffeehouse, 1144 N. Bitting.

Wichita Blues Society Open Jam
8:30 p.m. @Shamrock Lounge, 1724 W. Douglas.

Aaron Lee Martin
9 p.m. @The Brickyard, 129 N. Rock Island.

will highlight local businesses, including hand-made vendors from Onion Tree, The Missing Link, Katmandu, Foam on the Range, Tucker's This, That and Other Crap and many more. There will also be live music and a variety of food. @Century II, 225 W. Douglas.

Saturday, June 8

Loving Day Wichita
1 p.m. Loving Day celebrates Supreme Court decision: Loving vs. Virginia, which, on June 12, 1967, rules that prohibiting interracial marriage was unconstitutional. Celebrate with free food, games for kids and adults, and booths from local vendors. All ages. Free. @Kiwanis Park, 5101 W. 2nd St. N.

Friday, June 14

Tunes+Tallgrass on the Terrace Summer Kick-Off
7 p.m. Wichita Art Museum and the Tallgrass Film Association join forces to inaugurate the museum's new outdoor terrace. Sundog Surf band will begin this event followed by a screening of "The Endless

An Unfortunate Woman, Bergeron and Bridegeist
9 p.m. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Thursday, May 30

The Hooten Hallers
8 p.m. Must be 21. \$5. @Lizard Lounge, 300 S. Greenwich.

Erik the Viking and Nikki Modellmog
8 p.m. All ages. @Artichoke Sandwich Bar, 811 N. Broadway.

Sky Smeed
9 p.m. Must be 21. @Pumphouse, 825 E 2nd.

Gashcat and Ghostfoot
9 p.m. Must be 21. @John Barleycorn's, 608 E. Douglas.

Mark Horton and Tom Page
9 p.m. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Friday, May 31

Riverfest: Carson Mac
11:30 a.m. River Festival Food Court Stage, on Century II Drive. All ages. Free admission with River Festival button, @Century II, @Wichita River Festival, 225 W. Douglas.

River Festival: Chris Mann
7 p.m. "The Voice" finalist and Wichita native will perform with the Wichita Symphony Orchestra on the Kennedy Plaza Main Stage outside of Century II. All ages. Free admission with River Festival button, @Century II, @Wichita River Festival, 225 W. Douglas.

Zombie Drive-IN, TwoFold and The Joy Coughs
9 p.m. Must be 21. \$5. @Lizard Lounge, 300 S. Greenwich.

Dialin Watts, False Flag and Absalom
9 p.m. Must be 21. @John Barleycorn's, 608 E. Douglas.

Berwanger, Chaffers, Ghost Town Strays and Terminals
9 p.m. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Saturday, June 1

Riverfest: Nikki Modellmog, Pina Brothers and Caleb McGinn
11 a.m. This show will be held at the Riverfest Food Court Stage, on Century II Drive. All ages. Free admission with River Festival button, @Century II, @Wichita River Festival, 225 W. Douglas.

River Festival: Mike Finnigan & The Phantom Blues Band, GOODING, Murder By Death and Brandon Lang Band
4 p.m. This night full of music will be held on the Kennedy Plaza Main Stage. All ages. Admission is free with a River Festival button. @Century II, @Wichita River Festival, 225 W. Douglas.

Abandon Kansas, Me Like Bees and Amidon
6 p.m. Early show before the Riverfest fireworks, which will be visible from the venue. All ages. Free. @Parker's Grotto, 123 N. Sycamore.

Jonathan Fleig
9 p.m. @Kirby's Beer Store, 3227 E. 17th.

Summer" after dusk. Several of Wichita's food trucks will be on hand and beer and wine will be available for purchase. @Wichita Art Museum, 1400 W. Museum Blvd.

SPORTS

Friday, June 21

Bangers Under the Bridge
Friday, June 21 Wichita Skateboarding Society presents this skateboarding competition and event. Competition registration starts at 11 a.m. This event also features a live DJ, live art, raffles and food from Whiskey Dick's Bar and Grill. \$15 entry fee for competition. @Wichita Skatepark, 645 S. St. Francis.

The 90 Proof Project
9 p.m. @The Shop, 613 N. Baltimore Ave., Derby.

Raging Sea
9 p.m. Must be 21. @Snug Harbor, 845 S. Christine.

Sunday, June 2

Riverfest: Razz, L'Ouverture Watoto Samba Band and Carson Mac
12:30 p.m. These acts will perform on the Riverfest Floating Stage, east of Century II, adjacent to A. Price Woodard Park. All ages. Admission is free with a River Festival button. @Wichita River Festival, Various locations.

John "Elvis" Turck, Nahautl, Sleepy Truckers and American English
2 p.m. Riverfest: Throwback Sunday at Riverfest, concert will be held at the Kennedy Plaza Stage, just outside of Century II. All ages. Free admission with River Festival button, @Century II, @Wichita River Festival, 225 W. Douglas.

Tuesday, June 4

Trevor Stewart and Earthlines
5:30 p.m. \$3 for Botanica members. \$7 for non-members. @Botanica, 701 Amidon.

Joan Baez
8 p.m. \$39-\$59. @Stiefel Theatre, 151 S Santa Fe Ave, Salina.

Wednesday, June 5

Summer of Strange Tour 2013
7 p.m. Performers include Krizz Kaliko, Stevie Stone, Mayday, Big Boyz, Dubb Diesel, 3 Fold and more. All ages. \$17.50-\$20.00 @The Cotillion, 11120 W. Kellogg.

Thursday, June 6

Carrie Nation and the Speakeasy, Spirit of the Stairs and Ophil
7 p.m. Must be 21. \$8 advance, \$12 at the door. @The Brickyard, 129 N. Rock Island.

"Zen Cowboy" Chuck Pyle
7 p.m. This is the first concert in the Ulrich Museum's free, outdoor music series, "Art For Your Ears." Free. @McKnight Art Center, Wichita State University.

Julian Vaughn
7:30 p.m. Part of Bradley Fair's Summer Jazz series. Concert will take place on the plaza overlooking Bradley Fair Lake. Free. @Bradley Fair, 21st and Rock.

Friday, June 7

Monophonics and Project H
8 p.m. All ages. \$12.50-\$15. @The Cotillion, 11120 W. Kellogg.

Sunday, June 9

Lamb of God, Decapitated and Ancients
6:30 p.m. All ages. \$25-\$29. @The Cotillion, 11120 W. Kellogg.

Tuesday, June 11

Haymakers
5:30 p.m. \$3 for Botanica members. \$7 for non-members. @Botanica, 701 Amidon.



"Romain" from page 7

the shelf? I didn't want there to be any confusion about how to find my books, but I also wanted to remember what my pen name was."

A 1998 graduate of Wichita's East High, Theresa attended the University of Kansas before transferring to Wichita State to finish her undergraduate degrees in Psychology and English. She followed that up with a Master's degree in History, and served as an editor for the Fairmount Folio. During graduate school, she began scouring the archives of silent film star Margarita Fischer, which had been deposited at WSU by Fischer's niece, Kathie Fischer Havens. Already a fan of silent films, St. Romain took the opportunity to work with this trove of primary source material for her final thesis. That thesis became her first published book: *Margarita Fischer: A Biography of the Silent Film Star* released by McFarland & Company, Inc., in 2008.

After completing her Master's degree, she worked in the Preventive Medicine and Public Health Department at the KU School of Medicine-Wichita for about five years. She was able to parlay that experience into a freelance gig as a research editor-for-hire that has allowed her to work from home. That work-from-home freedom also opened the creative floodgates. In 2011 her first novel, *Season for Temptation*, was published by Kensington Publishing. By the time her second novel, *Season for Surrender*, came out in 2012, Kensington had contracted her for two more novels. As is the case with most romance writers, their agents and publishers tend to get them on a schedule, which means Theresa has two books coming out later this year. The third Seasons book, *Season for Scandal*, will be out in October; however, before that, the first book in her Matchmaker Trilogy, *It Takes Two to Tangle*, will be out from Sourcebooks in September. The second Matchmaker book will follow in May of 2014, called *To Charm a Naughty Countess*.

It's quite a tight schedule to keep, and not one that every writer can manage. For those of us who don't write novels on a deadline, the idea of cranking out

a book or, in Theresa's current situation, two books a year, carries with it the limiting specter of formula. Theresa doesn't see it that way.

"The only real limitation there is on story is that there has to be a happy ending. If there's not a happy ending, it's not a romance. I've been able to write some pretty different characters and fortunately my editors have been ok with that. To me, it's interesting to explore different character types in that time [approximately between 1811 and 1820] when the ideas of social power were so different from us as modern Americans. And that makes it not feel constrained."

Having read Theresa's two published novels before meeting with her, I could see how deeply her study of psychology had influenced her writing. Her characters are finely drawn and emotionally sturdy, which ensures great tension even when the physical action of the characters is limited, say, to a single room. It's a skill a lot of writers, not just women romance writers, should be envious of. Of course, the real problem is that books are often so narrowly marketed that it's unlikely for a male writer, or potential reader, to pick up one because the covers literally scream *this is not for dudes*.

"More people enjoy romance than realize it," Theresa said. "There are elements of romance in so much — what's *Gone with the Wind* without a driving romance? Or even the Harry Potter series if you don't have Hermione and Ron with this push-pull tension. It [the resistance to romance novels] comes more maybe from men, because they haven't been marketed to." She held up the cover for her third Seasons book to show me. "It's a woman in a dress. I think it's very pretty, maybe you do too, but you don't look at it and think *Oh I'm the target market for that*. Maybe men don't realize how much romance they're getting in their stories, and maybe by finding out the kind of books somebody enjoys you can find a romance for them."

Maybe I'll lose my man-card for this, but I may just be hooked on Theresa Romain's regency romances. Just don't tell Theresa St. Romain ... or my girlfriend.

Kansas on track to be No. 1

by Bucky Walters
bwalters@f5paper.com

What will it take for the Kansas Legislature to become Number One? Currently it is tied for third behind No. 1 Arkansas and No. 2 Montana for the title of "Least Educated Legislature in America."

I asked my friend Wainwright Winger about it, and he said, "It's all part of a culture war. Good people have to stand up against culture. Just because a guy isn't educated, doesn't mean he doesn't

know stuff. Governor Brownback knows we're in a cultural war. That's why he got rid of all those Evolutionaries."

When I pointed out that Kansas not only has less college graduates, but now has more representatives and senators that have never even attended college, Mr. Winger said, "If the governor can get even more of them elected next time, I definitely feel Kansas can be Number One!"

He then pulled out a gun and a little Kansas flag and started waving them and chanting, "We're Number One! We're Number One! We're Number One!"

WALTERED DOWN NEWS

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WANTED

Artists Wanted: Botanica's Composition family event Artists in all mediums should apply to exhibit at Botanica, July 20 and 21. Contact Kate Sheppard at ksheppard@botanica.org. Space is limited, deadline May 31.

HELP WANTED

Planet Hair is looking for a professional, customer service member to join our team! Must have positive energy, strong communications skills and ability to multitask. Interest in beauty, fashion and a polished presentation required. Experience with salon booking software a plus.

Contact Linda at 316-267-8000.

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"Mexican" from page 17

around a ball of bullets, and had his wife take it onto a plane; she ended up knitting a sweater with it. This was in the days *antes de* 9/11, of course). And Ronald Reagan sold arms to the Contras — or was that OK, because he was fighting supposed commies?

Back to the question: Mexicans love their guns as much as they love salsa, and while the Mexican government highly regulates sales of guns (although nowhere near as stringent as the one-shop rule you heard), gun violence is still high. A July 2012 post by The Guardian cited stats that showed Mexico's gun ownership rate was 15 per 100 people (42nd highest country in the world), which paled *en comparación* to the U.S.'s astounding *numero uno* rate of 88.8 per 100. The homicide by firearm rate per 100,000 of the general population goes to the Mexicans: in the United States, the figure was 2.97 per 100,000; the Mexico *cifra* was 9.97 per 100,000. As for the percentage of homicides due to firearms? Mexis had 54.9 percent; Americans clock in at 60 percent — not much difference. One huge caveat, though: the report was compiled based on stats from 2007, far before the narco wars engulfed most of the country. With a police force as ineffectual as the GOP's Latino outreach program, the right to bear arms for Mexicans isn't just some high-falutin' constitutional ideal — it's usually the only way to ensure you stay alive.

Ask the Mexican at themexican@f5paper.com, be his fan on Facebook, follow him on Twitter @gustavoarellano or ask him a video question at youtube.com/askamexicano/

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"Wonder Bread" from page 15

he rarely made eye contact with anyone during the ceremony, possibly because he was concerned that the weight of his heavy bearskin hat would tip him right over if he looked up too high.

I could only sympathize, then, with his own personal agony as he prepared himself to approach the latrines and not only speak to me, but to actually scold and force me to do his bidding.

I could crush that little man like a bug, and he knew it, but he was still my superior, and he knew that too. So, marching smartly over, sword clattering against the stones in the path, he summoned the fiercest face he could muster, and demanded in his distinctive high screeching voice, "What seems to be the problem here, Private Stevenson?"

"Well, Sir," I replied, jumping to attention in the pit I was digging, "the IMPs are kind of gross, and I feel like I should be able to eat peanut butter and jam sandwiches instead of trying to choke down a bag of still-warm barf."

The Lieutenant stared intently at my shirt pocket, apparently considering the issue both thoughtfully and systematically.

"YOU WILL EAT THE INDIVIDUAL MEAL PACKAGES!" he concluded with a shriek. "It is not relevant whether you like them or not. The army provides what a soldier needs, and a soldier needs food! It is a chargeable offense to refuse food! Do you understand, soldier?"

"SIR, YES SIR!" I shouted back, parrying with a new angle. "I am not, however, refusing peanut butter and jam sandwiches, Sir. I promise to eat every meal in the field, if I can eat peanut butter and jam sandwiches."

In an obvious attempt to extract himself from the mounting unbearableness of this situation at his earliest possible convenience, he only pondered his response for a second.

"You shall be given peanut butter and jam sandwiches at every single meal then, Private Stevenson, since you seem to like them so much! Furthermore, you will eat them every time they are given to you, without comment or complaint. Is that clear?!"

"SIR, YES SIR!"

"At ease, soldier!" Flayes-Divit ordered, and I saluted with my digging spoon as he whirled around, sword clanking against the spurs on his mirror-shined riding boots, and marched at silent film speed back to the campfire.

I followed a few minutes later, and was rudely presented with a loaf of Wonder Bread and a paper sack of peanut butter and jam packages by my friend and protector, Master Corporal McLean. Thus, Freddo and I joined Section Five around the fire again, munching contentedly on our sandwiches. I was curtly informed that the loaf and condiments had to last me for a while, so I carefully tied the bag on the outside of my rucksack, to avoid crushing it.

Of course, my fellow troops were more than curious how I had managed to not



THE NEATEST THING SINCE SLICED ... HEY!: When Elizabeth Stevenson was given a choice between really bad food or bad food, she went with bad food.

only avoid eating IMPs, but also score a whole loaf of bread for myself. When I explained, everyone was understandably upset that they were still eating omelet with mushroom (a.k.a. bronchial phlegm with blood clots), and demanded to receive the same privilege. Faced with an inarguable case of inequality within the ranks, Master Corporal McLean had no choice but to provide Wonder Bread for all.

The next morning found the 10 of us hiking through the bush to our next point of combat, in full camo as per

usual, avoiding detection by an ever-vigilant enemy. We had spent a great deal of time before the sun came up, smearing our faces with green and black oil paint, bedecking our helmets with pine branches and ferns, and stringing grasses throughout our webbing, and were all justifiably proud to have achieved complete invisibility. The illusion was marred only by the 10 blindingly white bags, decorated with brilliant blue, red and yellow polka-dots, that bobbed merrily along behind us, tied to the backs of our rucksacks.

we geek music

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